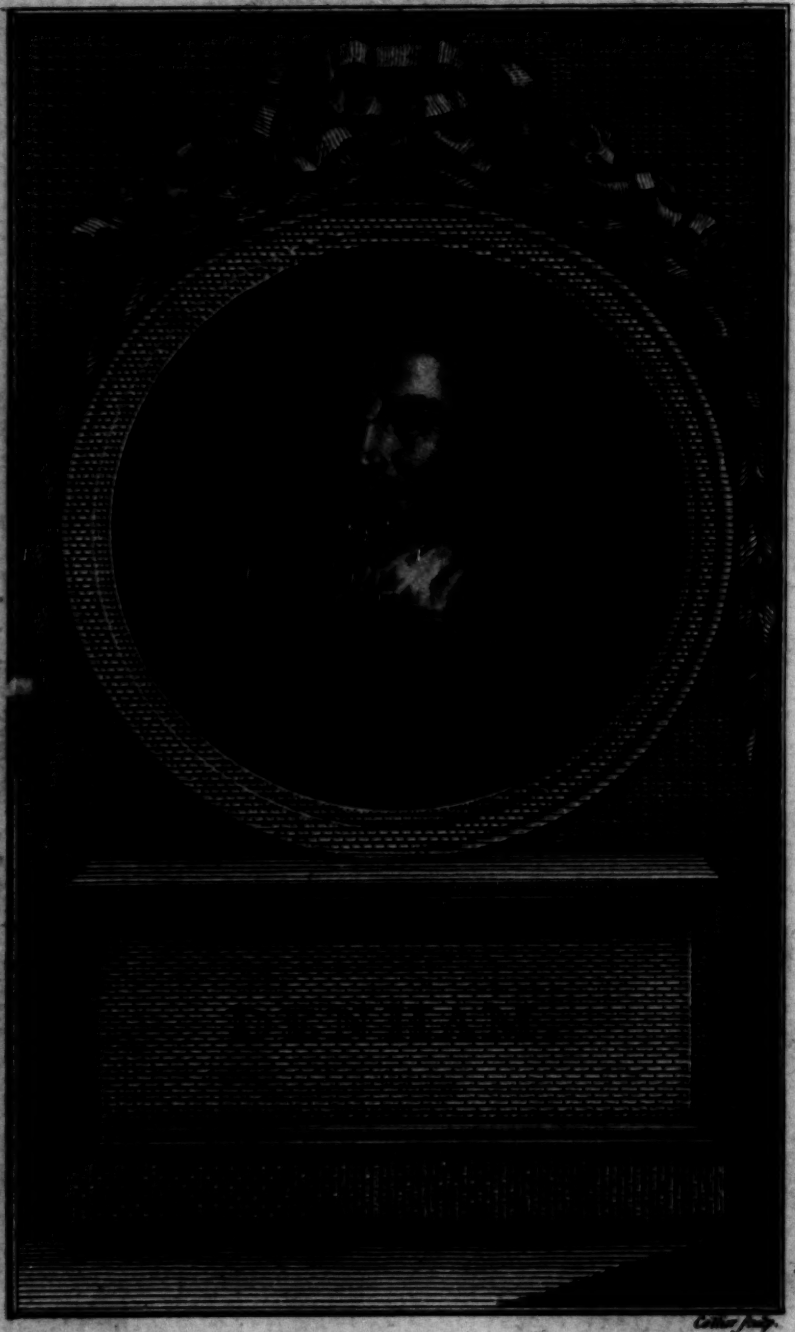

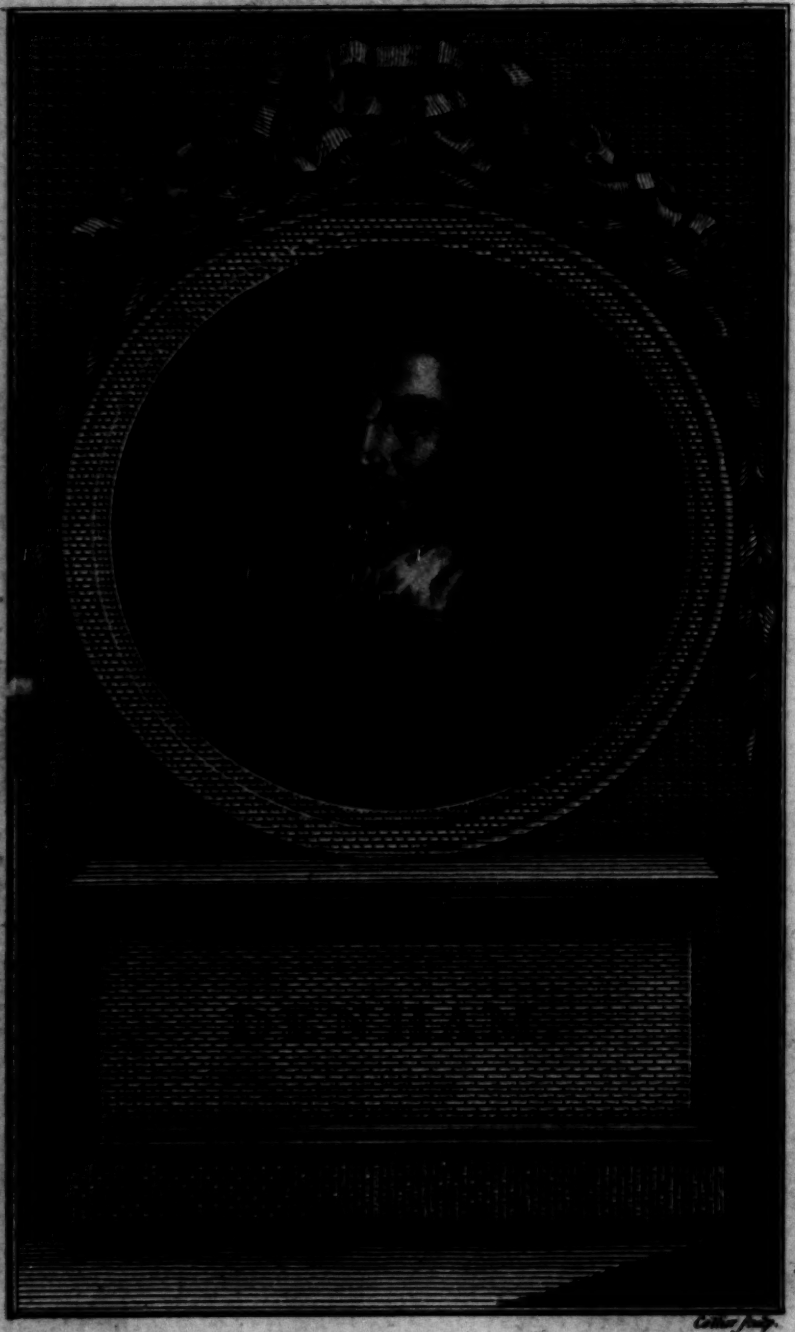

THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE POEMS OF DENHAM, AND SPRATT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS,

BY THE HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN DENHAM,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your royal father's perſon into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother that I would find ſome means to get acceſs to him, ſhe was pleaſed to ſend me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well inſtructed from the queen (his majeſty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleaſed to diſcourſe very freely with me of the whole ſtate of his affairs: But, ſir, I will not launch into an hiſtory, inſtead of an epiſtle. One morning waiting on him at Cauſham, ſmiling upon me, he ſaid he could tell me ſome news of myſelf, which was, that he had ſeen ſome verſes of mine the evening before (being thoſe to Sir R. Fanſhaw); and aſking me when I made them, I told him two or three years ſince; he was pleaſed to ſay, that having never ſeen them before, he was afraid I had written them ſince my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would adviſe me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little elſe to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more ſerious employments, if

they ſtill perſiſted in that courſe, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I ſtood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton-Court, he was pleaſed to command me to ſtay privately at London, to ſend to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correſpondents at home and abroad, and I was furniſhed with nine ſeveral cyphers in order to it: which truſt I performed with great ſafety to the perſons with whom we correſponded; but about nine months after being diſcovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily eſcaped both for myſelf, and thoſe that held correſpondence with me. That time was too hot and buſy for ſuch idle ſpeculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your majeſty in Holland and France, you were pleaſed ſometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our baniſhment, which now and then fell not ſhort of your majeſty's expectation.

After, when your majeſty, departing from St. Germains to Jerſey, was pleaſed freely (without my aſking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to ſerve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my buſineſs to draw ſuch others as might be more ſerviceable to your majeſty, and I hope more laſting. Since that time I never diſobeyed my old maſter's commands till this ſummer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert thoſe melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of foreign

reign invaſion and domeſtic diſcontent gave us: but theſe clouds being now happily blown over, and our ſun clearly ſhining out again, I have recovered the relapſe, it being ſuſpected that it would have proved the epidemical diſeaſe of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth; yet Socrates, Ariſtotle, and Cato did the ſame; and Scaliger ſaith, that fragment of Ariſtotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for thoſe epiſtles are commonly greater abſurdities than any that come after; for what author can reaſonably believe, that fixing the great name of ſome eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away cenſure, and that the firſt leaf ſhould be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that ſtand behind it? neither have I any need of ſuch ſhifts, for moſt of the parts of this body have already had your majeſty's view, and having paſt the teſt of ſo clear and ſharp-ſighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who ſhall preſume to diſſent from your majeſty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for thoſe latter parts which have not yet received your majeſty's favourable aſpect, if they who have ſeen them do not flatter me (for I dare not truſt my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with moſt of mankind, who never forſake their darling vices, till their vices forſake them; and that this divorce was not Frigiditatis cauſa, but an act of choice,

and not of neceſſity. Therefore, ſir, I ſhall only call it an humble petition, that your majeſty will pleaſe to pardon this new amour to my old miſtreſs, and my diſobedience to his commands, to whoſe memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a ſerious reflection upon that wiſe advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has ſo ripened man's diſcretion as to make it fit for uſe, either in private or public affairs, nothing blaſts and corrupts the fruit of it ſo much as the empty, airy reputation of being Nimis Poëta; and therefore I ſhall take my leave of the Muſes, as two of my predeceſſors did, ſaying,

"Splendidis longum valedico nugis.
"Hic verſus & cætera ludicra pono."

Your majeſty's moſt faithful
and loyal ſubject, and moſt
dutiful and devoted ſervant,

JO. DENHAM.

POEMS

POEMS

BY SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnaſſus, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of Helicon; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not poets, but the poets thoſe.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or ſky,

Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a * Muſe whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, though ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruin by the beſt of kings.
Under his proud ſurvey the city lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the buſineſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud:
And is, to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, though ſeveral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin, and increaſe;
As rivers loſt in ſeas, ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure, and innocent.
Windſor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwells
Into my eye, and doth itſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſy and unforc'd aſcent,
That no ſtupendous precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes:

* Mr. Waller.

But

But ſuch a riſe as doth at once invite
A pleaſure, and a reverence from the ſight.
Thy mighty maſter's emblem, in whoſe face
Sate meekneſs, heighten'd with majeſtic grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which ſupports the ſpheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer power than Chance;
Mark'd-out for ſuch an uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuſe,
Folly or blindneſs only could refuſe.
A crown of ſuch majeſtic towers doth grace
The gods great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Among that numerous, and celeſtial hoſt,
More heroes than can Windſor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this iſle
Owes the firſt glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to Cæſar, Albanact, or Brute,
The Britiſh Arthur, or the Daniſh Cnute,
(Though this of old no leſs conteſt did move,
Than when for Homer's birth ſeven cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not

Not to recount thoſe ſeveral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater Son,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)
And thy † Bellona, who the conſort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive ‡ king,
And brought that ſon, which did the ſecond ‡ bring.
Then didſt thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the deſign, has been the great ſucceſs:
Which foreign kings and emperors eſteem
The ſecond honour to their diadem.
Had thy great deſtiny but given thee ſkill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from thoſe kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a royal pair,
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty power,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reſerves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquiſh'd fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he ſpilt, had been his own.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.
‡ The kings of France and Scotland.

When

When he that patron choſe, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did ſeem
But to foretel, and propheſy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd.
That bound which to the world's extreameſt ends,
Endleſs itſelf, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need thoſe emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the ſoldier and the ſaint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, and here my praiſe,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whoſe top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform!)
Tell me, my Muſe, what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime could any Chriſtian king incenſe
To ſuch a rage? Was't luxury, or luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſte, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? They were his own much more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having ſpent the treaſures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of ſacrilege, muſt bear Devotion's name.
No crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conſcience, is a ſlave to fame:

Thus

Thus he the church at once protects, and ſpoils:
But princes' ſwords are ſharper than their ſtyles.
And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their charity deſtroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a falſe guide to err by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader ſack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs;
What does he think our ſacrilege would ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame, and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near,
My eye deſcending from the hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies ſtrays.

Thames,

Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's ſons
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring.
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the ſea or wind;
When he, to boaſt or to diſperſe his ſtores
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſarts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!

Though

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer current, 's loſt;
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the * ſtars, and bathe the gods.
Here nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us for herſelf, with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight,
To the wiſe maker's, than beholder's ſight.
Though theſe delights from ſeveral cauſes move;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſprings.
Such was the diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty, through the univerſe;
While dryneſs moiſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had ſeen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his ſhoulders and his ſides

* The Foreſt.

A ſhady

A ſhady mantle cloaths; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows;
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac'd:
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt endears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek, or Britiſh bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard
Of fairies, ſatyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, and their amorous flames?
'Tis ſtill the ſame, although their airy ſhape
All but a quick poetic ſight eſcape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chaſe by all the flower
Of youth, whoſe hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleaſure with praiſe, and danger they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only fly.
The ſtag now conſcious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,

To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rouz'd with the noiſe, he ſcarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had given this falſe alarm, but ſtreight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his ſtrengths, the wood beſet;
All inſtruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his ſtrength, and then his ſpeed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With theſe t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed doth recompenſe;
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His ſafety ſeeks: the herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining ſtateſman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and purſuers' ſcorn,
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conſcious groves,
The ſcenes of his paſt triumphs, and his loves;

Sadly

Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge and his claſhing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Preſents a foe, and every foe a death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſued, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the fight
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But when he ſees the eager chace renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſued:
He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And doubt a greater miſchief than deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſperate to eſſay
An element more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirſt; alas, they thirſt for blood.
So towards a ſhip the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting ſea to ride, or wind to fly,

Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extreme deſpair.
So fares the ſtag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal ſhaft lets fly,
From his unerring hand, then glad, to die,
Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the cryſtal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair liberty purſued, * and meant a prey
To lawleſs power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that charter ſeal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtile of king and ſubject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame center move,
When kings give liberty, and ſubjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.

* Runny Mead.

The

The ſubjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, give themſelves away,
And even that power, that ſhould deny, betray,
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils."
Thus kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their ſubjects, by oppreſſion, bold:
And popular ſway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extremes; and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm river rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow courſe;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his ſhores.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

The firſt Book ſpeaks of Æneas's voyage by ſea, and how, being caſt by tempeſt upon the coaſt of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feaſt, deſires him to make the relation of the deſtruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this Book.

WHILE all with ſilence and attention wait,
Thus ſpeaks Æneas from the bed of ſtate;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all thoſe ſorrows to my ſenſe reſtore,
Whereof none ſaw ſo much, none ſuffer'd more:
Not the moſt cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repreſs the horror of my thoughts, which fly

The

The ſad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining ſtars to reſt invite;
Yet ſince 'tis your command, what you ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By fate repell'd, and with repulſes tir'd,
The Greeks, ſo many lives and years expir'd,
A fabrick like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this fame
Divulges, then within the beaſt's vaſt womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb;
In view the iſle of Tenedos, once high,
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unſecure and open bay)
Thither by ſtealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ ſail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulyſſes, there Achilles; here
The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vaſt pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reaſon in their wonder loſe.
And firſt Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver ſort thought fit
The Greeks ſuſpected preſent to commit
To ſeas or flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, and what that ſpace contains t' explore.
Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the tower, enrag'd

Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what deſperate frenzy's this, (oh friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a deſign, their gifts but a deceit;
For our deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not Ulyſſes' ſhifts?
Their ſwords leſs danger carry than their gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the horſe's ſide his ſpear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed fear,
Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; and had not fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had ſtood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd priſoner to the king
With joyful ſhouts the Dardan ſhepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event ſecur'd,
Or of his death or his deſign aſſur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
What land, what ſea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incenſed Troy a wretched captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks.

To

To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
What of their counſels or affairs he knew:
Then fearleſs he replies, great king, to you
All truth I ſhall relate: nor firſt can I
Myſelf to be of Grecian birth deny;
And though my outward ſtate misfortune hath
Depreſt thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks purſue,
Accus'd unjuſtly, then unjuſtly ſlew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne ſupport,
I but a youth, yet ſome eſteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulyſſes' craft
(Things known I ſpeak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark ſorrow I my days did ſpend,
Till now diſdaining his unworthy end,
I could not ſilence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wiſh'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:
Old guilt freſh malice gives; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I theſe thankleſs truths purſue;
Or why defer your rage? on me, for all
The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.

Ulyſſes this, th' Atridæ this deſire
At any rate. We ſtrait are ſet on fire
(Unpractis'd in ſuch myſteries) to enquire
The manner and the cauſe, which thus he told,
With geſtures humble, as his tale was bold.
Oft have the Greeks (the ſiege deteſting) tir'd
With tedious war, a ſtolen retreat deſir'd,
And would to heaven they'd gone: but ſtill diſmay'd
By ſeas or ſkies, unwillingly they ſtay'd.
Chiefly when this ſtupendous pile was rais'd,
Strange noiſes fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Diſpatch Eurypylus t' enquire our fates,
Who thus the ſentence of the gods relates;
A virgin's ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe,
When firſt towards Troy the Grecians took the ſeas;
Their ſafe retreat another Grecian's blood
Muſt purchaſe. All at this confounded ſtood:
Each thinks himſelf the man, the fear on all
Of what, the miſchief but on one can fall.
Then Calchas (by Ulyſſes firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)
Ten days the prophet in ſuſpence remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd
By Ithacus, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the ſacrifice; the people join'd
In glad conſent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate; the day drew near,

The

The ſacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confeſs I found
The means to my eſcape, my bones I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongſt the ſedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their ſails had hoiſt (if ſo they did).
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my ſons to ſee,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And puniſh, for my guilt, their innocence.
Thoſe gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men; by theſe I beg, redreſs
My cauſeleſs wrongs, and pity ſuch diſtreſs.
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his falſe tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then ſpake the king, Be ours, whoe'er thou art;
Forget the Greeks. But firſt the truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what uſe intend
This pile? to a war-like, or religious end?
Skilful in fraud (his native art), his hands
Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
Ye pure æthereal flames, ye powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye altars, and the ſword
I ſcap'd; ye ſacred fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head, grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim;
Only, O Troy, preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.

From

From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
Counſels and actions took original,
Till Diomed (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulyſſes' wit)
Aſſails the ſacred tower, the guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image; ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back, whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of lightning, from each part did flow
A briny ſweat, thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her ſtatue from the ground itſelf did rear;
Then, that we ſhould our ſacrilege reſtore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' ſhore,
Calchas perſuades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To meaſure back the main
They all conſent, but to return again,
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then, inſtead of that, this pile
To Pallas was deſign'd; to reconcile
Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt;
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built,
Leſt, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this ſacred gift you diſ-eſteem,
Then cruel plagues (which heaven divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's ſtate: but if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A league 'gainſt Greece all Aſia ſhall contract:
Our ſons then ſuffering what their ſires would act.

Thus

Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, again whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thouſand ſail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad portent,
Which credit to the firſt impoſture lent;
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did ſlay.
When two prodigious ſerpents were deſcry'd,
Whoſe circling ſtrokes the ſea's ſmooth face divide;
Above the deep they raiſe their ſcaly creſts,
And ſtem the flood with their erected breaſts,
Their winding tails advance and ſteer their courſe,
And 'gainſt the ſhore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandiſh'd tongues there came
A dreadful hiſs, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender ſons;
Then him, who armed to their reſcue runs,
They ſeiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compaſſing, and twice his waſte:
Their poiſonous knots he ſtrives to break and tear,
While ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded ſkull
Shakes the huge ax; the conquering ſerpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her ſhield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was ſent

Juſtly

Juſtly on him, who ſtruck the ſacred oak
With his accurſed lance. Then to invoke
The goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe,
We all conſent.

A ſpacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the monſter drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate, the youth with ſongs and rhimes,
Some dance, ſome hale the rope; at laſt let down
It enters with a thundering noiſe the town.
Oh Troy, the ſeat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it ſtruck, as oft the claſhing ſound
Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
Of fate, we place it in the ſacred tower.
Caſſandra then foretels th' event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the gods' decree.)
The altars with freſh flowers we crown, and waſte
In feaſts that day, which was (alas!) our laſt.
Now by the revolution of the ſkies,
Night's ſable ſhadows from the ocean riſe,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
The city in ſecure repoſe diſſolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive ſquadron ſteers
Their ſilent courſe to Ilium's well-known ſhore,
When Sinon (ſav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horſe, and through the unlockt doors
To the free air the armed freight reſtores:

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, Stheneleus, Tiſander, ſlide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they ſeize; the guards, with ſleep and wine
Oppreſt, ſurprize, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the firſt ſweets of ſleep repair
Our bodies ſpent with toil, our minds with care;
(The gods' beſt gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector ſtood,
His aſpect ſuch when, ſoil'd with bloody duſt,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thruſt
By his inſulting foe; O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' ſpoils; when he, among
A thouſand ſhips, (like Jove) his lightning flung!
His horrid beard and knotted treſſes ſtood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, the joy,
The hope and ſtay of thy declining Troy;
What region held thee, whence, ſo much deſir'd,
Art thou reſtor'd to us conſum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths; but what ſad cauſe confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?
Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddeſs-born, our walls
The Greeks poſſeſs, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories; if it might have ſtood
By any power, by this right hand it ſhould.

What

What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls expect,
Which, toſt on ſeas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect:
Then brings old Veſta from her ſacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries reſound
From far (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My father's houſe); approaching ſtill more near
The claſh of arms, and voice of men we hear:
Rouz'd from my bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſes tops, and liſtening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds conſpiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging courſe
Bears down th' oppoſing oaks, the fields deſtroys,
And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlook'd for noiſe
From neighbouring hills th' amazed ſhepherd hears;
Such my ſurprize, and ſuch their rage appears.
Firſt fell thy houſe, Ucalegon, then thine
Deïphobus, Sigæan ſeas did ſhine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful ſound
The louder groans of dying men confound;
Give me my arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
Myſelf 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and deſpair at once ſuggeſt,
That of all deaths, to die in arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' prieſt,
Who 'ſcaping with his gods and reliques fled,
And towards the ſhore his little grandchild led;

Pantheus,

Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good? but ſighing, he replies, Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the laſt period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incenſed Jove transfers to Grecian hands;
The foe within the burning town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e'er from Argos came
Poſſeſs the gates, the paſſes, and the ſtreets,
And theſe the ſword o'ertakes, and thoſe it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their courage and their fear.
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through ſwords,
Where noiſes, tumults, out-cries and alarms,
I heard; firſt Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us (for the moon did ſhine);
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's ſon,
Who, by the love of fair Caſſandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not diſſuade
Of his prophetic ſpouſe;
Whom when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave ſpirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? the ſtate of our affairs

You

You ſee: the gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our empire ſtood; nor can the flame be ſtaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our foes; this one
Relief the vanquiſh'd have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n ſo among
Foes, fire and ſwords, t' aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our guide, deſpair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which ſo long had flouriſh'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houſes, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the victors fall: on all ſides fears,
Groans and pale death in all her ſhapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac'd;
Thus greeting us, You loſe, by your delay,
Your ſhare, both of the honour and the prey;
Others the ſpoils of burning Troy convey
Back to thoſe ſhips, which you but now forſake.
We making no return; his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: as when an unſeen ſnake
A traveller's unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the ſnake's azure creſt
Swoln with his riſing anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpriz'd Androgeus flies.

But

But here an eaſy victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilſt fortune our firſt enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, Chorœbus ſaid,
O friends, we now by better fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
Firſt change your arms, and their diſtinctions bear;
The ſame, in foes, deceit and virtue are.
Then of his arms Androgeus he diveſts,
His ſword, his ſhield he takes, and plumed creſts,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt, all glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their ſafer guard, their ſhips, retire;
But vain 's that hope, 'gainſt which the gods conſpire;
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Caſſandra, from Minerva's fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting towards heaven, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did ſtrain;
Chorœbus at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes; we thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, among the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a ſhower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caſſandra's reſcue) us for Trojans ſlew.

Then from all parts Ulyſſes, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds, that meet from ſeveral coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the ſouth and weſt,
And Eurus on his winged courſes born,
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chaſing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from the bottom; then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and ſhape,
And differing dialect: then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
Juſt Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor conſecrated mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound;
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' aſſault ſo hot, as if t'were only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:

The

The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets caſt
Over their heads, ſome ſcaling ladders plac'd
Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The battlement; on them the Trojans caſt
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; ſuch arms as theſe,
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate,
They tumble down; and now againſt the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our laſt effort to ſave the king,
Relieve the fainting, and ſucceed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not obſerv'd
(The way for Hector's hapleſs wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged king, her little ſon
She would preſent); through this we paſs, and run
Up to the higheſt battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the ſky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could deſcry
All Ilium---both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We looſen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as ſudden and as loud.
But others ſtill ſucceed: meantime, nor ſtones
Nor any kind of weapons ceaſe.
Before the gate in gilded armour ſhone
Young Pyrrhus, like a ſnake, his ſkin new grown,

Who fed on poiſonous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Freſh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandiſhes his tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly breaſt againſt the ſun;
With him his father's ſquire, Automedon,
And Peripas who drove his winged ſteeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth ſucceeds
Of Scyros' iſle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof; Pyrrhus himſelf among
The foremoſt with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of ſolid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of ſtate,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs ſate.
At the firſt gate an armed guard appears;
But th' inner court with horror, noiſe, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the womens ſhrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the ſkies;
Sad matrons wandering through the ſpacious rooms
Embrace and kiſs the poſts: then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force ſuſtain, the torn port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge their ſtrokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force.
Not with ſuch rage a ſwelling torrent flows
Above his banks, th' oppoſing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, ſheep,
Shepherds and folds, the foaming ſurges ſweep.
And now between two ſad extremes I ſtood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,

There

There th' hapleſs queen amongſt an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds thoſe flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
Then they the ſecret cabinets invade,
Where ſtood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race; the golden poſts, whoſe tops
Old hoſtile ſpoils adorn'd, demoliſh'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey,
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire:
Seeing his empire loſt, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks poſſeſt,
Arms long diſus'd his trembling limbs inveſt;
Thus on his foes he throws himſelf alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own:
There ſtood an altar open to the view
Of heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whoſe ſhady arms the houſhold gods embrac'd;
Before whoſe feet the queen herſelf had caſt
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempeſt drives
And frights into one flock; but having ſpy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, ſhe cried,
Alas, my wretched huſband, what pretence
To bear thoſe arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid ſuch times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here we ſhall a ſanctuary find,
Or as in life we ſhall in death be join'd.
Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the ſecret ſeat the king ſhe plac'd.

Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and ſwords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus purſues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his laſt blood in Priam's preſence ſpills.
The king (though him ſo many deaths incloſe)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation ſhows;
The gods requite thee (if within the care
Of thoſe above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whoſe fury on the ſon but loſt had been,
Had not his parents' eyes his murder ſeen:
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'ſt to be
Thy father) ſo inhuman was to me;
He blaſht, when I the rights of arms implor'd;
To me my Hector, me to Troy reſtor'd:
This ſaid, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce entering, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; Go a meſſenger to hell
Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
The acts of his degenerate race. So through
His ſon's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths;
His ſword the other in his boſom ſheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet ſurviv'd the ſtate,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar fate,
Under ſo vaſt a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in ſuch flames a funeral fire to have:
He whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch power made proud,
To whom the ſceptres of all Aſia bow'd,

On

On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headleſs carcaſe, and a nameleſs thing.

On the Earl of STAFFORD's Trial and Death.

GREAT Stafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Cruſh'd by imaginary treaſon's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate:
As chemiſts gold from braſs by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treaſon forg'd by law.
His wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that ſpake;
Each ſeem'd to act that part he came to ſee,
And none was more a looker-on than he;
So did he move our paſſions, ſome were known
To wiſh, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity ſtrove with public hate,
Reaſon with rage, and eloquence with fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He 's not too guilty, but too wiſe to live;
Leſs ſeem thoſe facts which treaſon's nick-name bore,
Than ſuch a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him expreſs,
His innocence and their own guilt confeſs.

Their legiſlative frenzy they repent:
Enacting it ſhould make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'ſcap'd, but would not loſe
Honour for life, but rather nobly choſe
Death from their fears, than ſafety from his own,
That his laſt action all the reſt might crown.

On my Lord CROFT'S and my Journey into Poland, from whence we brought 10,000 l. for his Majeſty, by the Decimation of his Scottiſh Subjects there.

TOLE, tole,
Gentle bell, for the ſoul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our ſcroul.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their ſtubbornneſs was ſuch,

That when we did arrive,
'Gainſt the ſtream we did ſtrive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an anſwer would ſend
To our letter ſo well penn'd.

Nor

Nor aſſiſt our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their anſwer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did perſiſt,
Did and ſaid what they liſt,
Till the dyet was diſmiſt;
But then our breech they kiſt.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They ſhould pay one in ten,
The dyet ſaid, Amen.

And becauſe they are loth
To diſcover the troth,
They muſt give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the conſtitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the ſon.

But John
(Our friend) Molleſſon
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the miſchiefs in ſtore,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye,
A letter they came by
From our king's majeſty.

But fate
Brought the letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd ſtate.

The letter's to be ſeen,
With ſeal of wax ſo green,
At Dantzige, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Muſt alſo pay his ſtint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the meſſenger fell ſick.

Had it later been wrote,
And ſooner been brought,
They had got what they ſought,
But now it ſerves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thouſand pound.

On Mr. THO. KILLIGREW's Return from Venice, and Mr. WILLIAM MURREY's from Scotland.

OUR reſident Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the ſtateſman behind him:
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich;
And juſt where you left him, you find him.

But who ſays he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that falſe accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a can and a fiddle.

Theſe ſtateſmen, you believe,
Send ſtraight for the ſhrieve,

* Mr. W. Murrey.

For

For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a ſhrewd ſign
That all's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

Theſe three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of baniſhment, debts, or dying:
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry ſtars ſtill defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor ſobriety ſad;
But of that they are ſeldom in danger;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague they 're at home;
The good fellow is no where a ſtranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

Being invited from Calais to Bologne, to eat a Pig.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian ſloven,
Little admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call old Loven.

Hadſt thou not thy fill of carting,
Will Aubrey, count of Oxon.

When

When noſe lay in breech,
And breech made a ſpeech,
So often cry'd a pox on?

A knight by land and water
Eſteem'd at ſuch a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent,
In a cart that he went,
They'll ſay now, hang him pirate.

Thou might'ſt have ta'en example,
From what thou read'ſt in ſtory;
Being as worthy to ſit
On an ambling tit
As thy predeceſſor Dory.

But oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a ſhelter!
But the rain made an aſs
Of tilt and canvas;
And the ſnow which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender ſtripling Aſtcot,
Who was ſoak'd to the ſkin,
Through drugget ſo thin,
Having neither coat nor waiſtcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart ſo baſe,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to ſing,
With gullet in ſtring,
---A hymn of Robert Wiſdom.

But what was all this buſineſs?
For ſure it was important:
For who rides i' th' wet
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a ſport on't.

To a goodly fat ſow's baby,
O John, thou hadſt a malice,
The old driver of ſwine
That day ſure was thine,
Or thou hadſt not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA.

WHAT gives us that fantaſtic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar cuſtom we ſubmit?

Treaſon, theft, murder, and all the reſt
Of that foul legion we ſo deteſt,
Are in their proper names expreſt.

Why is it then thought ſin or ſhame,
Thoſe neceſſary parts to name,
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature,

Nature, whate'er ſhe wants, requires;
With love enflaming our deſires,
Finds engines fit to quench thoſe fires:

Death ſhe abhors; yet when men die,
We 're preſent; but no ſtander-by
Looks on when we that loſs ſupply.

Forbidden wares ſell twice as dear;
Ev'n ſack prohibited laſt year,
A moſt abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raiſe, by that device,
Of thoſe commodities the price.

Thus reaſon's ſhadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led aſtray,
From nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON's Speech to GLAUCUS, in the Twelfth Book of Homer.

THUS to Glaucus ſpake
Divine Sarpedon, ſince he did not find
Others, as great in place, as great in mind.
Above the reſt why is our pomp, our power,
Our flock, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?

Why

Why all the tributes land and ſea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our chearful gueſts carouſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilſt muſick charms their ears.
Why, as we paſs, do thoſe on Xanthus' ſhore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our Licians ſee
Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our gallant leaders! Theſe are they
Deſerve the greatneſs; and unenvy'd ſtand:
Since what they act, tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death ſought not them who ſeek not death,
Would I advance? or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a glorious folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with fortune nature doth conſpire,
Since age, diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble end,
Though not leſs certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt path we 'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common ſacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

PR'YTHEE die and ſet me free,
Or elſe be
Kind and briſk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wiſe ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the preciſe ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or ſharp replies,
If wiſe thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room ſo dark?
Not a ſpark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to ſee, and to ſee,
As well as handle.

Why ſo many bolts and locks,
Coats and ſmocks,
And thoſe drawers with a pox?
I could wiſh, could nature make it,
Nakedneſs, nakedneſs
Itſelf were naked.

But if a miſtreſs I muſt have,
Wiſe and grave,
Let her ſo herſelf behave
All the day long Suſan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or ſuch a devil.

FRIENDSHIP and SINGLE LIFE, AGAINST LOVE and MARRIAGE.

LOVE! in what poiſon is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the ſmart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel reſorts,
Through thoſe deceitful ſally-ports,
Our ſentinels betray our forts.

What ſubtle witchcraft man conſtrains,
To change his pleaſure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a priſon, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a ſlave.

How

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hoſtage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſy; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all thoſe generous thoughts deſtroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though ſtill his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he ſees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

* His father and ſon.

Love, making all things elſe his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his courſe oppoſe

This was the cauſe the poets ſung,
Thy mother from the ſea was ſprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her ſon, art thou:
From our deſires our actions grow;
And from the cauſe th' effect muſt flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandſire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'ſt thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wiſdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus reſigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) 's flaming ſhield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whoſe airy bliſs
Much higher than fruition is;
But leſs than nothing, if it miſs.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cauſe tranſcending the effects,
That wild-fire 's quench'd in cold neglects.

Whilſt thoſe conjunctions prove the beſt,
Where Love 's of blindneſs diſpoſſeſt,
By perſpectives of intereſt.

Though Solomon with a thouſand wives,
To get a wiſe ſucceſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a fool) ſurvives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did ſhare,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowſy days and ſtormy nights
Makes; and breaks friendſhip, whoſe delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well-choſen friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealouſy,
Make friendſhip languiſh till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themſelves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmleſs ſheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature ceaſe to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, ſet fire on Troy?

Such is the world's prepoſterous fate,
Amongſt all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beaſts excuſe, for they
Their actions not by reaſon ſway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man 's that ſavage beaſt, whoſe mind
From reaſon to ſelf-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

On Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S Death, and Burial amongſt the ancient Poets.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenſer roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;

The

The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inſpires;
By Shakeſpeare's, Jonſon's, Fletcher's lines,
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome's out-ſhines:
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave their manſion keep.
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt flower
That in the Muſes' garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame out-live,
To Cowley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenſer, and in Jonſon, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare:
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets, and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's ſtate,
He did not ſteal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear:

He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jaſon, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as Flaccus ſings)
The Theban ſwan extends his wings,
When through th' ætherial clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our ſwan doth riſe;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere judgment (giving law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe:
As rigid huſbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtreams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw and taſted know.
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, ſo true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muſe her ſong had ended here,
But both their Genii ſtraight appear,
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
Two twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.
'Twas taught by wiſe Pythagoras,
One ſoul might through more bodies paſs.

Seeing

Seeing ſuch tranſmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the world this parallel:
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books:
Their works chaſte, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtic philoſophy rehearſe.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praiſe, on their exalted wings
To the celeſtial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious ſpheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of theſe they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd,
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-ſpring hath no power,
Nor fire nor fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt.

A SPEECH

A SPEECH againſt PEACE,

AT THE

CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England."

BUT will you now to peace incline,
And languiſh in the main deſign;
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the biſhops' bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threaten'd to be try'd?
You ſee the king embraces
Thoſe counſels he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no ſecret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cauſe
Their brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.

At

At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the coſt.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight againſt their king,
And raiſe the firſt ſedition?
Though I the buſineſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole deſign,
And ſent them their petition.

So many nights ſpent in the city
In that Inviſible Committee,
The wheel that governs all.
From thence the change in church and ſtate,
And all the miſchief bears the date
From Haberdaſhers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to deſpair,
Upon the king to caſt the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Becauſe the rebels us'd his name?
Though we ourſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him.

Then the ſame fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that nation:
To do as crafty beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves, thereby t' abuſe
The ſimple man's compaſſion.

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and Weſtminſter, unſeen,
And did myſelf divide:
To keep his excellence in awe,
And give the parliament the law?
For they knew none beſide.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inſpire;
Gave them their texts, ſhew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts,
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the people's ears;
Then ſtraight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal uſe
The pulpit and the ſteeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And muſt we now give o'er,

And only end where we begun?
In vain this miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where 's the neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They 'll ſay they fight not for the cauſe,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us againſt them both.

Either the cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good, it is ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worſt,
That we ourſelves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The ſaints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our leaſt of praiſe,
Since a new ſtate we could not raiſe,
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then

Then let us ſtay and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh 'tis a patient beaſt!
When we have gaul'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We 'll have the ſpoil at leaſt.

To the Five Members of the Honourable HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The humble Petition of the POETS.

AFTER ſo many concurring petitions
From all ages and ſexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haſlerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though ſet form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation:
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their ſouls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bleſs'd form you have taught us,
We thank you firſt for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next in courſe, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the reſt of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have ſpoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legiſlative.

And

And firſt, 'tis to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe,
Without fear of a priſon or purſuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that alſo you have got the priority.
Next, an old cuſtom, our fathers did name it
Poetical licenſe, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonſenſe to ſenſe, and falſhood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty;
This art ſome poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houſes have made it.
But that truſt above all in poets repoſed,
That kings by them only are made and depoſed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake depoſing or killing,
They 're tyrants and monſters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it:
And when we reſume a ſceptre or crown,
We are modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.
But is 't not preſumption to write verſes to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all thoſe pretty knacks you compoſe,
Alas, what are they but poems in proſe?
And between thoſe and ours there 's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the ſenſe:
But for lying (the moſt noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourſelves know it;
And though you are modeſt and ſeem to abhor it,
'T has done you good ſervice, and thank Hell for it:

Although

Although the old maxim remains ſtill in force,
That a ſanctify'd cauſe muſt have a ſanctify'd courſe,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made king Charles himſelf a poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his proſe.

A WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Weſtern Wonder?
When a hundred and ten ſlew five thouſand men,
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopton was ſlain, again and again,
Or elſe my author did lye;
With a new Thankſgiving, for the dead who are living,
To God, and his ſervant Chidleigh.

But now on which ſide was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are riſen from their graves,
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For

For now he out-runs his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him;
But they follow after; unleſs he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath coſt, and Stamford hath loſt,
Goes deep in the ſequeſtrations;
Theſe wounds will not heal, with your new great ſeal,
Nor Jepſon's declarations.

Now, Peters and Caſe, in your prayer and grace,
Remember the new Thankſgiving;
Iſaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or ſhortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning and Thunder,
Which made the lye ſo much the louder:
Now liſt to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

O what a damp it ſtruck through the camp!
But as for honeſt Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
But at leaſt three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the News-monger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,
Where in the firſt place, ſtood the Conqueror's face,
Which made it ſhew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Briſtol they ſay you may find him,
Great William the Con, ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the poſt, ſave all that was loſt,
But alas, we are paſt deceiving
By a trick ſo ſtale, or elſe ſuch a tale
Might amount to a new Thankſgiving.

This made Mr. Caſe, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord-mayor from ſleeping.

Now ſhut up ſhops, and ſpend your laſt drops,
For the laws not your cauſe, you that loath 'em,
Leſt Eſſex ſhould ſtart, and play the ſecond part
Of the worſhipful Sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER.

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain Carnal Paſſages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horſly, near Colcheſter, in Eſſex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

ALL in the land of Eſſex,
Near Colcheſter the zealous,
On the ſide of a bank,
Was play'd ſuch a prank,
As would make a ſtone-horſe jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox and Naylor,
For brother Green 's a ſtallion:
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

Even to our whole profeſſion
A ſcandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with diſdain,
Amongſt the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though our ſaints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gambal?

Had thy fleſh, O Green, been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pye hadſt ſwallow'd:

Roll'd up in wanton ſwine's fleſh,
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullneſs of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have ſo rid through thee.

But, alas! he had been feaſted
With a ſpiritual collation,
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And ſup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulſe of ſpirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
Filly foal, quoth he,
My bride thou ſhalt be:
And how this is lawful, learn all

For if no reſpect of perſons
Be due 'mongſt ſons of Adam,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a Mare 's as good as a Madam.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiſs'd her,

But took her by force,
For better for worſe,
And us'd her like a ſiſter.

Now when in ſuch a ſaddle
A ſaint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not ſay
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome back-ſliding?

No ſurely, quoth James Naylor,
'Twas but an inſurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a quaker in heart
Can never loſe perfection.

For (as our * maſters teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The ſaint ſtands un-infected.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what 's intended;
Then ſay what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

And our adopted ſiſter
Will find no better quarter,

* The Jeſuits.

But when him we enrol
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs herſelf for a Martyr.

Rome, that ſpiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colcheſter, now
Who 's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

A SONG.

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells
In Cottages and ſmoaky Cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I ſay, thou powerful God,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethéan lake,
O'er his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom beaſts and worms
Have turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We ſhall behold more than at firſt entire;
As now we do, to ſee all thine thy own
In this my Muſe's reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which firſt their brains, and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muſe enraged, from her urn
Like ghoſts of murder'd bodies does return
T' accuſe the murderers, to right the ſtage,
And undeceive the long-abuſed age,
Which caſts thy praiſe on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give droſs to it:
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treaſon to it, and debaſe the coin.
But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other mens diſpraiſe;
Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
Nor need thy juſter title the foul guilt
Of eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred ſlain.
Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,

From thence a thouſand leſſer poets ſprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonſon, Shakeſpeare, and thyſelf did ſit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of wit---
Yet what from Jonſon's oil and ſweat did flow,
Or what more eaſy nature did beſtow
On Shakeſpeare's gentler Muſe, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet ſo that none
Can ſay here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their Parnaſſus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon his Tranſlation of

PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write, tranſlate.
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modeſty or choice.
While this great piece, reſtor'd by thee, doth ſtand
Free from the blemiſh of an artleſs hand.
Secure of fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs honour to create, than to redeem.

Nor

Nor ought a genius leſs than his that writ,
Attempt tranſlation; for tranſplanted wit,
All the defects of air and ſoil doth ſhare,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital ſpirit but a vital heat.
That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whoſe narrowneſs affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly ſticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too.
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'ſt it low,
Let'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow;
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever grace
It loſt by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'ſt his muſic to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted ſtrength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (leſt we ſhould think it thine)
Thy ſpirit to his circle doſt confine.
New names, new dreſſings, and the modern caſt,
Some ſcenes, ſome perſons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was leſs their own.

That

That maſter's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder ſtroke expreſs
A vary'd poſture, or a flattering dreſs;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his own deſign was beſt.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SIR JOHN POOLEY AND MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL. TO thee, dear Tom, myſelf addreſſing,
Moſt queremonioufly confeſſing,
That I of late have been compreſſing.

Deſtitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity,
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puiſſance,
For ſome venereal rejouiſſance,
I got (as one may ſay) a nuyſance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, couſin Pooly,
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look ſo bluely?

'Tis

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you ſpeak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monaſtic,
And wore a veſt eccleſiaſtic;
Now in your age you grow fantaſtic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a diſtillation,
Through th' inſtrument of propagation.

KIL. Then couſin, (as I gueſs the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are ſhot 'twixt wind and water.

Your ſtyle has ſuch an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once ſo oeconomic,
Quitting the thrifty ſtyle laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I ſhall ſend-a
Perſon of knowledge, who can mend-a
Diſaſter in your nether end-a---

But

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, ſo diſcerning,
Methinks towards fifty ſhould take warning.

Once in a pit you did * miſcarry,
That danger might have made one wary;
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not ſuch diſconſolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies favour,
Yet it may raiſe an evil ſavour
Upon all grave and ſtaid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
To find a rhyme to Gonorrheia,
And put it in my Litania.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horſe fell into a quarry.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION OF A MODERN AUTHOR upon the GAME of CHESS.

A Tablet ſtood of that abſterſive tree,
Where Æthiop's ſwarthy bird did build her neſt,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Africk's prudent beaſt.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the reſt,
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other priſoner they conteſt;
Courage and fortune muſt to conduct yield.
This game the Perſian Magi did invent,
The force of Eaſtern wiſdom to expreſs;
From thence to buſy Europeans ſent,
And ſtyl'd by modern Lombards penſive Cheſs.
Yet ſome that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this ſport,
To paſs the tedious hours of ten years ſiege.
There ſhe preſents herſelf, whilſt kings and peers
Look gravely on whilſt fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modeſty her motions ſteers,
Nor rudely ſkips o'er biſhops heads like knights.

The

The PASSION of DIDO for ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embaſſy,
Cyllenius from Æneas ſtraight doth fly;
He loth to diſobey the God's command,
Nor willing to forſake this pleaſant land,
Aſham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
But more afraid to take a ſolemn leave;
He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
But fear o'ercoming ſhame, at laſt reſolves
(Inſtructed by the God of Thieves*) to ſteal
Himſelf away, and his eſcape conceal.
He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
That at the port they privately ſhould meet;
And ſome diſſembled colour to project,
That Dido ſhould not their deſign ſuſpect:
But all in vain he did his plot diſguiſe;
No art a watchful lover can ſurprize.
She the firſt motion finds; Love though moſt ſure,
Yet always to itſelf ſeems unſecure.
That wicked fame which their firſt love proclaim'd,
Fore-tells the end: the queen with rage inflam'd,
Thus greets him: Thou diſſembler, would'ſt thou fly
Out of my arms by ſtealth perfidiouſly?
Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move?
And in the depth of winter in the night,
Dark as thy black deſigns to take thy flight,

* Mercury.

To

To plow the raging ſeas to coaſts unknown,
The kingdom thou pretend'ſt to, not thy own!
Were Troy reſtor'd, thou ſhould'ſt miſtruſt a wind
Falſe as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
Fly'ſt thou from me? By theſe dear drops of brine
I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
By our eſpouſals, by our marriage-bed,
If all my kindneſs aught have merited;
If ever I ſtood fair in thy eſteem,
From ruin me and my loſt houſe redeem.
Cannot my prayers a free acceptance find?
Nor my tears ſoften an obdurate mind?
My fame of chaſtity, by which the ſkies
I reacht before, by thee extinguiſh'd dies.
Into my borders now Iarbus falls,
And my revengeful brother ſcales my walls;
The wild Numidians will advantage take,
For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forſake.
Hadſt thou before thy flight but left with me
A young Æneas, who, reſembling thee,
Might in my ſight have ſported, I had then
Not wholly loſt, nor quite deſerted been;
By thee, no more my huſband, but my gueſt,
Betray'd to miſchiefs, of which death 's the leaſt.
With fixed looks he ſtands, and in his breaſt
By Jove's command, his ſtruggling care ſuppreſt.
Great queen, your favours and deſert ſo great,
Though numberleſs, I never ſhall forget;
No time, until myſelf I have forgot,
Out of my heart Eliza's name ſhall blot:

But

But my unwilling flight the Gods inforce,
And that muſt juſtify our ſad divorce.
Since I muſt you forſake, would Fate permit,
To my deſires I might my fortune fit;
Troy to her ancient ſplendour I would raiſe,
And where I firſt began, would end my days.
But ſince the Lycian Lots, and Delphic God
Have deſtin'd Italy for our abode;
Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
Why ſhould not Latium us receive from Troy?
As for my ſon, my father's angry ghoſt
Tells me his hopes by my delays are croſt,
And mighty Jove's ambaſſador appear'd
With the ſame meſſage, whom I ſaw and heard;
We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all complaints are vain;
I call to witneſs all the Gods, and thy
Beloved head, the coaſt of Italy
Againſt my will I ſeek.

Whilſt thus he ſpeaks, ſhe rowls her ſparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
Thy mother was no Goddeſs, nor thy ſtock
From Dardanus, but in ſome horrid rock,
Perfidious wretch, rough Caucaſus thee bred,
And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
Diſſimulation I ſhall now forget,
And my reſerves of rage in order ſet.
Could all my prayers and ſoft entreaties force
Sighs from his breaſt, or from his look remorſe.

Where

Where ſhall I firſt complain? can mighty Jove
Or Juno ſuch impieties approve?
The juſt Aſtræa ſure is fled to hell;
Nor more in earth, nor heaven itſelf will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my coaſts by tempeſt caſt,
Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd;
His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
I reſcued: Now the Lycian Lots conſpire
With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air
Brings diſmal tidings; as if ſuch low care
Could reach their thoughts, or their repoſe diſturb!
Thou art a falſe impoſtor, and a fourbe;
Go, go, purſue thy kingdom through the main,
I hope, if Heaven her juſtice ſtill retain,
Thou ſhalt be wreck'd, or caſt upon ſome rock,
Where thou the name of Dido ſhalt invoke:
I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
My ghoſt ſhall thee attend at board and bed,
And when the Gods on thee their vengeance ſhow,
That welcome news ſhall comfort me below.
This ſaying, from his hated ſight ſhe fled,
Conducted by her damſels to her bed;
Yet reſtleſs ſhe aroſe, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the ſeamen ſhout:
When great Æneas paſs'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what doſt thou inforce
Poor mortal breaſts! Again ſhe hath recourſe
To tears and prayers, again ſhe feels the ſmart
Of a freſh wound from his tyrannic dart.

That ſhe no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her ſiſter ſhe herſelf apply'd:
Dear ſiſter, my reſentment had not been
So moving, if this fate I had foreſeen;
Therefore to me this laſt kind office do,
Thou haſt ſome intereſt in our ſcornful foe,
He truſts to thee the counſels of his mind,
Thou his ſoft hours, and free acceſs canſt find:
Tell him I ſent not to the Ilian coaſt
My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghoſt
I never did diſturb: aſk him to lend
To this, the laſt requeſt that I ſhall ſend,
A gentle ear; I wiſh that he may find
A happy paſſage, and a proſperous wind,
The contract I don't plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conqueſt be delay'd;
All that I aſk is but a ſhort reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve;
Some pauſe and reſpite only I require,
Till with my tears I ſhall have quench'd my fire.
If thy addreſs can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that ſervice ſhall repay.
Thus ſhe intreats; ſuch meſſages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him bears:
But him no prayers, no arguments can move;
The Fates reſiſt, his ears are ſtopt by Jove.
As when fierce northern blaſts from th' Alps deſcend,
From his firm roots with ſtruggling guſts to rend
An aged ſturdy oak, the rattling ſound
Grows loud, with leaves and ſcatter'd arms the ground

Is

Is over-laid; yet he ſtands fixt, as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the ſky,
So low towards hell his roots deſcend. With prayers
And tears the Hero thus aſſail'd, great cares
He ſmothers in his breaſt, yet keeps his poſt,
All their addreſſes and their labour loſt.
Then ſhe deceives her ſiſter with a ſmile:
Anne in the inner court erect a pile;
Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey;
All curſed monuments of him with fire
We muſt aboliſh (ſo the Gods require.)
She gives her credit for no worſe effect
Than from Sichæus' death ſhe did ſuſpect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her bluſhing rays did ſpread;
The Queen beheld, as ſoon as day appear'd,
The navy under ſail, the haven clear'd;
Thrice with her hand her naked breaſt ſhe knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
O Jove, ſhe cry'd, and ſhall he thus delude
Me and my realm! why is he not purſued?
Arm, arm, ſhe cry'd, and let our Tyrians board
With ours his fleet, and carry fire and ſword;
Leave nothing unattempted to deſtroy
That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
What if th' event of war uncertain were?
Nor death, nor danger, can the deſperate fear.

But oh too late! this thing I ſhould have done,
When firſt I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
Behold the faith of him who ſav'd from fire
His honour'd houſhold Gods, his aged ſire
His pious ſhoulders from Troy's flames did bear;
Why did I not his carcaſe piece-meal tear,
And caſt it in the ſea? why not deſtroy
All his companions, and beloved boy
Aſcanius? and his tender limbs have dreſt,
And made the father on the ſon to feaſt?
Thou Sun, whoſe luſtre all things here below
Surveys; and Juno, conſcious of my woe;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen Hecate,
Receive and grant my prayer? If he the ſea
Muſt needs eſcape, and reach th' Auſonian land,
If Jove decree it, Jove's decree muſt ſtand;
When landed, may he be with arms oppreſt
By his rebelling people, be diſtreſt
By exile from his country, be divorc'd
From young Aſcanius' ſight, and be enforc'd
To implore foreign aids, and loſe his friends
By violent and undeſerved ends!
When to conditions of unequal peace
He ſhall ſubmit, then may he not poſſeſs,
Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
I' th' ſands, when he before his day ſhall fall!
And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
Purſue this race, this ſervice dedicate
To my deplored aſhes, let there be
'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.

May

May from my bones a new Achilles riſe,
That ſhall infeſt the Trojan Colonies
With fire and ſword, and famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes ſtrength;
Our ſeas, our ſhores, our armies theirs oppoſe,
And may our children be for ever foes!
A ghaſtly paleneſs death's approach portends,
Then trembling ſhe the fatal pile aſcends;
Viewing the Trojan reliques, ſhe unſheath'd
Æneas' ſword, not for that uſe bequeath'd:
Then on the guilty bed ſhe gently lays
Herſelf, and ſoftly thus lamenting prays;
Dear reliques, whilſt that Gods and Fates give leave,
Free me from care, and my glad ſoul receive.
That date which Fortune gave, I now muſt end,
And to the ſhades a noble ghoſt deſcend.
Sichæus' blood, by his falſe brother ſpilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud city built;
Happy, alas; too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the Trojan on my coaſt arriv'd.
But ſhall I die without revenge? yet die
Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
My conſcious foe my funeral fire ſhall view
From ſea, and may that omen him purſue!
Her fainting hand let fall the ſword beſmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
Through all the court the fright and clamours riſe,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries,
As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
The foe had entered, and had ſet on fire.

Amazed Anne with ſpeed aſcends the ſtairs,
And in her arms her dying ſiſter rears:
Did you for this, yourſelf, and me beguile?
For ſuch an end did I erect this pile?
Did you ſo much deſpiſe me, in this fate
Myſelf with you not to aſſociate?
Yourſelf and me, alas! this fatal wound
The ſenate, and the people, doth confound.
I'll waſh her wound with tears, and at her death,
My lips from hers ſhall draw her parting breath.
Then with her veſt the wound ſhe wipes and dries;
Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to riſe,
But her ſtrength failing, falls into a ſwound,
Life's laſt efforts yet ſtriving with her wound;
Thrice on her bed ſhe turns, with wandering ſight
Seeking, ſhe groans when ſhe beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her diſaſtrous fate,
Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
(Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris deſcends; this fatal lock (ſays ſhe)
To Pluto I bequeath, and ſet thee free;
Then clips her hair: Cold numbneſs ſtraight bereaves
Her corpſe of ſenſe, and th' air her ſoul receives.

OF PRUDENCE.

Going this laſt Summer to viſit the Wells, I took an occaſion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then ſolitary) retirement with the Latin original of this tranſlation, which (being out of print) I had never ſeen before: when I looked upon it, I ſaw that it had formerly paſſed through two learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Jonſon and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I ſhall never find myſelf) in the ſervice of a better maſter, the Earl of Briſtol, of whom I ſhall ſay no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living, by impairing that of the dead; and my own profeſſion hath taught me not to erect new ſuperſtructures upon an old ruin. He was pleaſed to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me ſo well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obſolete Engliſh diſguiſe, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new veſt for it as I could.

The author was a perſon of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched ſince with the ſiſter of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before

Torquato Taſſo; which ſhews that the age they lived in was not ſo unlearned as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four Cardinal Virtues; but I have tranſlated only the two firſt, not to turn the kindneſs I intended to him into an injury; for the two laſt are little more than repetitions and recitals of the firſt; and (to make a juſt excuſe for him) they could not well be otherwiſe, ſince the two laſt virtues are but deſcendants from the firſt; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Juſtice.

WISDOM's firſt progreſs is, to take a view
What's decent or indecent, falſe or true.
He 's truly prudent, who can ſeparate
Honeſt from vile, and ſtill adhere to that;
Their difference to meaſure, and to reach,
Reaſon well rectify'd muſt nature teach.
And theſe high ſcrutinies are ſubjects fit
For man's all-ſearching and enquiring wit;
That ſearch of knowledge did from Adam flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to ſhow.
Wiſdom of what herſelf approves, makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.
Clear-ſighted Reaſon Wiſdom's judgment leads,
And Senſe, her vaſſal, in her footſteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'ſt know,
To thee all her ſpecific forms I'll ſhow;

He

He that the way to honeſty will learn,
Firſt what's to be avoided muſt diſcern.
Thyſelf from flattering ſelf-conceit defend,
Nor what thou doſt not know, to know pretend.
Some ſecrets deep in abſtruſe darkneſs lie;
To ſearch them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor raſhly therefore to ſuch things aſſent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'ſt repent;
Study and time in theſe muſt thee inſtruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wiſdom herſelf her ear doth often lend
To counſel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal ſcales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'ſt chuſe ſafely that which moſt doth weigh;
'Tis not ſecure, this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance ſtand unbarr'd;
He that eſcapes the ſerpent's teeth may fail,
If he himſelf ſecures not from his tail.
Who ſaith, who could ſuch ill events expect?
With ſhame on his own counſels doth reflect.
Moſt in the world doth ſelf-conceit deceive,
Who juſt and good, whate'er they act, believe;
To their wills wedded, to their errors ſlaves,
No man (like them) they think himſelf behaves.
This ſtiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reaſon's lure deſcend.
Fathers ſometimes their children's faults regard
With pleaſure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (ſelf admiring) ſlight;

Then

Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that ſo highly think themſelves above
All other men, themſelves can only love;
Reaſon and virtue, all that man can boaſt
O'er other creatures, in thoſe brutes are loſt.
Obſerve (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyſelf contributing too much)
Thoſe who are generous, humble, juſt, and wiſe,
Who not their gold, nor themſelves idolize;
To form thyſelf by their example learn
(For many eyes can more than one diſcern);
But yet beware of counſels when too full,
Number makes long diſputes and graveneſs dull;
Though their advice be good, their counſel wiſe,
Yet length ſtill loſes opportunities:
Debate deſtroys diſpatch; as fruits we ſee
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree;
In vain that huſbandman his ſeed doth ſow,
If he his crop not in due ſeaſon mow.
A general ſets his army in array
In vain, unleſs he fight, and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that muſt praiſe bring forth,
Without which ſlow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counſel, praiſe deſerve,
Though in the active part they cannot ſerve:
In action, learned counſellors their age,
Profeſſion, or diſeaſe, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philoſophers is praiſe deny'd,
Whoſe wiſe inſtructions after-ages guide;

Yet

Yet vainly moſt their age in ſtudy ſpend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:
Beating their brains for ſtrange and hidden things,
Whoſe knowledge, nor delight, nor profit brings;
Themſelves with doubt both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader pleaſe, or teach, but vex.
Books ſhould to one of theſe four ends conduce,
For wiſdom, piety, delight, or uſe.
What need we gaze upon the ſpangled ſky?
Or into matter's hidden cauſes pry?
To deſcribe every city, ſtream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is 't to hear a ſophiſter, that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wiſe, theſe things we ſhould not mind,
But more delight in eaſy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'ſt die ſo too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digreſſion 's made) is even,
And free acceſs, if we but aſk, is given.
Then ſeek to know thoſe things which make us bleſt,
And having found them, lock them in thy breaſt;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor ſlack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in theſe enquiries waſte,
And die like fools before one ſtep they 've paſt;
'Tis ſtrange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worſe than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And ſtanding ſtill themſelves, make others go.

In

In vain on ſtudy time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The ſoldier that philoſopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the ſchools declaim'd;
Tell (ſaid the ſoldier) venerable ſir,
Why all theſe words, this clamour, and this ſtir?
Why do diſputes in wrangling ſpend the day?
Whilſt one ſays only yea, and t'other nay.
Oh, ſaid the doctor, we for wiſdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much: the ſoldier ſmil'd;
You 're grey and old, and to ſome pious uſe
This maſs of treaſure you ſhould now reduce:
But you your ſtore have hoarded in ſome bank,
For which th' infernal ſpirits ſhall you thank.
Let what thou learneſt be by practice ſhown,
'Tis ſaid that wiſdom's children make her known.
What 's good doth open to th' enquirer ſtand,
And itſelf offers to th' accepting hand;
All things by order and true meaſures done,
Wiſdom will end, as well as ſhe begun.
Let early care thy main concerns ſecure,
Things of leſs moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their ſervants firſt prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we 're ſick, the doctor 's fetcht in haſte,
Leaving our great concernment to the laſt.
When we are well, our hearts are only ſet
(Which way we care not) to be rich, or great;
What ſhall become of all that we have got;
We only know that us it follows not;

And

And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the ſcale with everlaſting death!
What 's time, when on eternity we think?
A thouſand ages in that ſea muſt ſink;
Time 's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much doſt owe, thou much muſt pay,
Think on the debt againſt th' accompting-day;
God, who to thee reaſon and knowledge lent,
Will aſk how theſe two talents have been ſpent.
Let not low pleaſures thy high reaſon blind,
He 's mad, that ſeeks what no man e'er could find.
Why ſhould we fondly pleaſe our ſenſe, wherein
Beaſts us exceed, nor feel the ſtings of ſin?
What thoughts man's reaſon better can become,
Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their leaſe,
And that to (if the leſſer pleaſe) muſt ceaſe.
Death cancels nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt firſt paid) a ſtrict account ſucceeds;
If here not clear'd, no ſuretyſhip can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.
Chriſt's blood 's our balſam; if that cure us here,
Him, when our judge, we ſhall not find ſevere;
His yoke is eaſy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis caſt.
Be juſt in all thy actions; and if join'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy mind:
If aught obſtruct thy courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill;

To

To the ſame end men ſeveral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the ſame hand into a fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a palm expanded ſhows:
Juſtice and faith never forſake the wiſe,
Yet may occaſion put him in diſguiſe;
Not turning like the wind, but if the ſtate
Of things muſt change, he is not obſtinate;
Things paſt, and future, with the preſent weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour ſays.
Few things by wiſdom are at firſt believ'd;
An eaſy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often paſt for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's diſguiſe:
As flattery too oft like friendſhip ſhows,
So them who ſpeak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious queſtions make,
Sufpence and caution ſtill prevent miſtake.
When any great deſign thou doſt intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great concernments muſt delays endure;
Raſhneſs and haſte make all things unſecure;
And if uncertain thy pretenſions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjuſt things thou doſt pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretenſions end.
Let thy diſcourſe be ſuch, that thou may'ſt give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Inſtruct the ignorant; to thoſe that live
Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;

Nor

Nor is 't the leaſt of virtues, to relieve
Thoſe whom afflictions or oppreſſions grieve.
Commend but ſparingly whom thou doſt love:
But leſs condemn whom thou doſt not approve;
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praiſe doth wrong,
And too ſharp cenſure ſhews an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee; e'en before friendſhip, truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'ſt to give, ſtill promiſe leſs:
Hold faſt thy power thy promiſe to increaſe.
Look forward what 's to come, and back what 's paſt,
Thy life will be with praiſe and prudence grac'd:
What loſs or gain may follow, thou may'ſt gueſs,
Thou then wilt be ſecure of the ſucceſs;
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be eaſy and unbent:
When our minds eyes are diſengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and diſtinctly ſee;
They quicken ſloth, perplexities unty,
Make roughneſs ſmooth, and hardneſs mollify;
And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we ſleep) no reſt.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glaſs thy own offences mend;
Still ſeek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions, others judgments learn;
Often by ſmall, great matters we diſcern:
Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth ſhow;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.

Let

Let none direct thee what to do or ſay,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter ſway;
Let not the pleaſing many thee delight.
Firſt judge, if thoſe whom thou doſt pleaſe, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whoſe knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no ſafe deſcent is found:
In vain his nerves and faculties he ſtrains
To riſe, whoſe raiſing unſecure remains:
They whom deſert and favour forwards thruſt,
Are wiſe, when they their meaſures can adjuſt.
When well at eaſe, and happy, live content,
And then conſider why that life was lent;
When wealthy, ſhow thy wiſdom not to be
To wealth a ſervant, but make wealth ſerve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a witneſs nor a judge might know.
The higheſt hill is the moſt ſlippery place,
And Fortune mocks us with a ſmiling face.
And her unſteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high power, but ſeldom holds them faſt;
Againſt her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herſelf confines.
More in proſperity is reaſon toſt,
Than ſhips in ſtorms, their helms and anchors loſt:
Before fair gales not all our ſails we bear,
But with ſide winds into ſafe harbours ſteer;
More ſhips in calms on a deceitful coaſt,
Or unſeen rocks, than in high ſtorms are loſt.

Who

Who caſts out threats and frowns, no man deceives,
Time for reſiſtance and defence he gives;
But flattery ſtill in ſugar'd words betrays,
And poiſon in high-taſted meats conveys;
So Fortune's ſmiles unguarded man ſurprize,
But when ſhe frowns, he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'TIS the firſt ſanction nature gave to man,
Each other to aſſiſt in what they can;
Juſt or unjuſt, this law for ever ſtands,
All things are good by law which ſhe commands;
The firſt ſtep, man towards Chriſt muſt juſtly live,
Who t' us himſelf, and all we have, did give;
In vain doth man the name of juſt expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect;
So muſt we reverence God. as firſt to know
Juſtice from him, not from ourſelves doth flow;
God thoſe accepts, who to mankind are friends,
Whoſe juſtice far as their own power extends;
In that they imitate the power divine,
The ſun alike on good and bad doth ſhine;
And he that doth no good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the juſt fulfill.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions ſteer,
'Tis not enough that he ſhould vice forbear;
We live not only for ourſelves to care,
Whilſt they that want it are deny'd their ſhare.

Wiſe Plato ſaid, the world with men was ſtor'd,
That ſuccour each to other might afford;
Nor are thoſe ſuccours to one ſort confin'd,
But ſeveral parts to ſeveral men conſign'd;
He that of his own ſtores no part can give,
May with his counſel or his hands relieve.
If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
'Gainſt fraud, and force, to naked innocence:
And when our juſtice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order muſt direct the way:
Firſt to our God we muſt with reverence bow;
The ſecond honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit reſpect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
Then we muſt thoſe who groan beneath the weight
Of age, diſeaſe, or want, commiſerate:
'Mongſt thoſe whom honeſt lives can recommend,
Our juſtice more compaſſion ſhould extend;
To ſuch, who thee in ſome diſtreſs did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with intereſt ſhould be paid:
As Heſiod ſings, ſpread waters o'er thy field,
And a moſt juſt and glad increaſe 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one,
Miſchief and wrong be, to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'ſt nothing give, that is not thine;
That liberality 's but caſt away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no acceſs to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that 's unjuſt, to be a king.

Juſtice

Juſtice muſt be from violence exempt,
But fraud 's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells;
But juſtice both from human hearts expels;
But he 's the greateſt monſter (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a ſheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and ſlanders bear their ſhare.
Truth juſtice loves, and truth injuſtice fears,
Truth above all things a juſt man reveres:
Though not by oaths we God to witneſs call,
He ſees and hears, and ſtill remembers all;
And yet our atteſtations we may wreſt,
Sometimes to make the truth more manifeſt;
If by a lye a man preſerve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and abſolution hath;
Or if I break my promiſe, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy truſt conceal,
Nor what 's forbid by any means reveal.
Expreſs thyſelf in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or diſputes affords:
Unleſs thou find occaſion, hold thy tongue;
Thyſelf or others, careleſs talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public power,
And when a crowd of ſuitors throng thy door,
Be ſure no great offenders 'ſcape their dooms;
Small praiſe from lenity and remiſſneſs comes:
Crimes pardon'd, others to thoſe crimes invite,
Whilſt lookers-on ſevere examples fright:

When by a pardon'd murderer blood is ſpilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greateſt guilt;
Who accuſe rigour, make a groſs miſtake,
One criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make;
When juſtice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;
As beſieg'd traitors with the foe conſpire,
T' unlock the gates, and ſet the town on fire.
Yet leſt the puniſhment th' offence exceed,
Juſtice with weight and meaſure muſt proceed:
Yet when pronouncing ſentence, ſeem not glad,
Such ſpectacles, though they are juſt, are ſad;
Though what thou doſt, thou ought'ſt not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent:
Rather than all muſt ſuffer, ſome muſt die;
Yet nature muſt condole their miſery.
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn, and thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice, when equal ſcales ſhe holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind;
When ſome eſcape for that which others die,
Mercy to thoſe, to theſe is cruelty.
A fine and ſlender net the ſpider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a waſp or hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her cords like Sampſon, and eſcape;
So like a fly the poor offender dies;
But, like the waſp, the rich eſcapes and flies.

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The puniſhment beyond the crime extend;
Or after warning the offence forget;
So God himſelf our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from ſervants than is juſt,
Reward them well, if they obſerve their truſt;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and nature them our brothers made;
If his offence be great, let that ſuffice;
If light, forgive, for no man's always wiſe.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early Miſtreſs, now my antient Muſe,
That ſtrong Circæan liquor ceaſe t' infuſe,
Wherewith thou didſt intoxicate my youth,
Now ſtoop with diſ-inchanted wings to truth;
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning ſhoots
To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the eaſt,
He his own image on the clay impreſt;
As ſubjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience (for the world was new),
He only from their cauſe their natures knew.
Had memory been loſt with innocence,
We had not known the ſentence, nor th' offence;
'Twas his chief puniſhment to keep in ſtore
The ſad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldæa fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and inſtructor was;
From thence did learning into Ægypt paſs:

Moſes

Moſes in all th' Ægyptian arts was ſkill'd,
When heavenly power that choſen veſſel fill'd;
And we to his high inſpiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progreſs made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Muſæus firſt, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the diſtinct faculties of one;
Th' eternal cauſe, in their immortal lines,
Was taught, and poets were the firſt divines:
God Moſes firſt, then David did inſpire,
To compoſe anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th' one the ſtyle of friend he did impart,
On th' other ſtamp the likeneſs of his heart:
And Moſes, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next thoſe old Greeks, Pythagoras did riſe,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wiſe;
The divine Plato moral virtue ſhews,
Then his diſciple Ariſtotle roſe,
Who nature's ſecrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great ſoul our noveliſts impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While ſects, like locuſts, did deſtroy the ſeeds;
The tree of knowledge, blaſted by diſputes,
Produces ſapleſs leaves inſtead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations elſe barbarians held,
Boaſting her learning all the world excell'd.

Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
Then whereſoever her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were ſpread;
And as in this our microcoſm, the heart
Heat, ſpirit, motion, gives to every part;
So Rome's victorious influence did diſperſe
All her own virtues through the univerſe.
Here ſome digreſſion I muſt make, t' accuſe
Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muſe:
Couldſt thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great anceſtor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than thoſe, who ſay the ſun hath never ſhin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want ſight, who taught the world to ſee:
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's ſkull the Muſes' hive;
And from his brain, that Helicon diſtil,
Whoſe racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Heſiod, Theocrite,
Muſt we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's ſoul, at laſt from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan ſwain inſpir'd.
When great Auguſtus made wars tempeſts ceaſe,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace;
He ſtill in his triumphant chariot ſhines,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.

'Twas

'Twas certainly myſterious that the * name
Of prophets and of poets is the ſame;
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late ſucceſs
Declares was inſpiration, and not gueſs:
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
" At laſt the ocean ſhall unlock ‡ the bound
" Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found,
" Then ages far remote ſhall underſtand
" The iſle of Thule is not the farthеſt land."
Sure God, by theſe diſcoveries, did deſign
That his clear light through all the world ſhould ſhine,
But the obſtruction from that diſcord ſprings
The prince of darkneſs made 'twixt Chriſtian kings;
That peaceful age with happineſs to crown,
From heaven the prince of peace himſelf came down;
Then the true ſun of knowledge firſt appear'd,
And the old dark myſterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cauſe of th' old accurſed flood
Sunk in the ſacred deluge of his blood.
His paſſion, man from his firſt fall redeem'd;
Once more to paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;
Satan himſelf was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the old ſting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the ſerpent, as he tempted man;
Then hell ſends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſy, their guide,

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

Though

Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the apoſtles theſe events foretold,
Yet even the ſhepherd did devour the fold:
The fiſher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
But ſoon his followers grew a ſovereign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's ſword,
Which ſtill maintains for his adopted ſon
Vaſt patrimonies, though himſelf had none;
Wreſting the text to the old giant's ſenſe,
That heaven, once more, muſt ſuffer violence.
Then ſubtle doctors, ſcriptures made their prize,
Caſuiſts, like cocks, ſtruck out each other's eyes,
Then dark diſtinctions reaſon's light diſguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
Then Mahomet's creſcent, by our feuds encreaſt,
Blaſted the learn'd remainders of the eaſt:
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made mother ignorance devotion's dame;
Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did ſwell,
His faithful emiſſary, roſe from hell
To poſſeſs Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
Whoſe foot on mitres, then on crowns did ſtand,
And before that exalted idol, all
(Whom we call Gods on earth) did proſtrate fall.
Then darkneſs Europe's face did over-ſpread,
From lazy cells, where ſuperſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, ſo encreaſt,
That the whole world, ſome ages, they oppreſt;

Till

Till through thoſe clouds the ſun of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then firſt our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches nurſing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the falſe ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new deſigns he lays,
Then his well ſtudy'd maſter-piece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inſpires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
Sends their fore-runner (conſcious of th' event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious inſtrument!
Wild controverſy then, which long had ſlept,
Into the preſs from ruin'd cloyſters leapt;
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilſt every man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay elders, from their ends create their God,
But ſeven wiſe men the ancient world did know,
We ſcarce know ſeven who think themſelves not ſo.
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery diſputes that union have calcin'd,
Almoſt as many minds as men we find,
And when that flame finds combuſtible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires, and meteors take their birth,
Legions of ſects and inſects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;

And

And ſuch the monſters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the claſhes between popes and kings,
Debate, like ſparks from flints colliſion, ſprings:
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of learning ranſack'd are,
To furniſh ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reaſon whets,
And double edges on our paſſions ſets;
'Tis the moſt certain ſign, the world's accurſt,
That the beſt things corrupted, are the worſt;
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
That ſun like this (from which our ſight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, reſumes the light he gave;
And when thick miſts of doubts obſcure his beams,
Our guide is error, and our viſions dreams;
'Twas no falſe heraldry, when madneſs drew
Her pedigree from thoſe who too much knew;
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, miſſes, or recoils;
When ſubtle wits have ſpun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line:
True piety, without ceſſation toſt
By theories, the practic part is loſt,
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both ſides the prize will quit;
Then whilſt his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheiſt looking on, enjoys the ſpoils.

Through

Through ſeas of knowledge we our courſe advance,
Diſcovering ſtill new worlds of ignorance;
And theſe diſcoveries make us all confeſs
That ſublunary ſcience is but gueſs,
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what ſeems more is mere opinion;
The ſtanders-by ſee clearly this event,
All parties ſay they 're ſure, yet all diſſent;
With their new light our bold inſpectors preſs
Like Cham, to ſhew their father's nakedneſs,
By whoſe example, after-ages may
Diſcover, we more naked are than they;
All human wiſdom, to divine, is folly;
This truth, the wiſeſt man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or gueſs, gives ſome relief,
But to be ſure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not ſo,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who ſhould of both participate;
If our lives motions theirs muſt imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, muſt circulate.
When, like a bridegroom from the eaſt, the ſun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's ſpungy veins the ocean ſinks,
Thoſe rivers to repleniſh which he drinks;
So learning, which from reaſon's fountain ſprings,
Back to the ſource, ſome ſecret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our ſtreams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO TO CATO.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wiſdom, nothing makes them more renown'd,
Than that thoſe years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourſelf, nor us uneaſy ſeem;
Under which weight, moſt like th' old giants, groan,
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reaſon flows;
All parts of age ſeem burthenſome to thoſe
Who virtue's and true wiſdom's happineſs
Cannot diſcern; but they who thoſe poſſeſs,
In what 's impos'd by nature find no grief,
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
Which though all equally deſire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain;
Such our inconſtancies and follies are,
We ſay it ſteals upon us unaware:
Our want of reaſoning theſe falſe meaſures makes,
Youth runs to age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear,
To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth year?
Of what, in that long ſpace of time hath paſt,
To fooliſh age will no remembrance laſt.
My age's conduct when you ſeem t' admire,
(Which that it may deſerve, I much deſire)

'Tis

'Tis my firſt rule, on nature, as my guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;
And nature (which all acts of life deſigns)
Not like ill poets, in the laſt declines:
But ſome one part muſt be the laſt of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, muſt either rot, or fall.
And this from nature muſt be gently borne,
Elſe her (as giants did the Gods) we ſcorn.

LÆL. But ſir, 'tis Scipio's and my deſire,
Since to long life we gladly would aſpire,
That from your grave inſtructions we might hear,
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I reſolv'd before, but now ſhall do
With great delight, ſince 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourſelf it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young inſtruct,
Your long, our ſhort experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two conſuls (who in years my equals were)
When ſenators, lamenting I did hear,
That age from them had all their pleaſures torn,
And them their former ſuppliants now ſcorn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuſe,
Not others, but themſelves their age abuſe;
Elſe this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whoſe chearful age, with honour, youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleaſure's ſlavery they are free,
And all reſpects due to their age they ſee,

In

In its true colours, this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies,
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wiſe;
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind,
Not any eaſy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may diſpute,
Their age (as yours) can never bear ſuch fruit
Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them ſweet,
Not every one ſuch happineſs can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius, bears,
But not ſo much as at firſt ſight appears.
This anſwer by Themiſtocles was made,
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
You thoſe great honours to your country owe,
Not to yourſelf)—Had I at Seripho
Been born, ſuch honour I had never ſeen,
Nor you, if an Athenian you had been:
So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
To the moſt prudent cannot eaſy be;
But to a fool, the greater his eſtate,
The more uneaſy is his age's weight.
Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wiſe,
Virtue to know, and known to exerciſe;
All juſt returns to age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forſakes;
The ſweeteſt cordial we receive at laſt,
Is conſcience of our virtuous actions paſt.
I (when a youth) with reverence did look
On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;

Yet

Yet in his age ſuch chearfulneſs was ſeen,
As if his years and mine had equal been;
His gravity was mixt with gentleneſs,
Nor had his age made his good-humour leſs;
Then was he well in years (the ſame that he
Was conſul, that of my nativity)
(A ſtripling then) in his fourth conſulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum wan
The quæſtorſhip, and then our love began;
And four years after, when I prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law did paſs.
With uſeful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temperate arts of patient age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's inſulting heats;
Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats,
He by delay reſtor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

" When I reflect on age, I find there are
" Four cauſes, which its miſery declare.
" 1. Becauſe our body's ſtrength it much impairs:
" 2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
" 3. Next, that our ſenſe of pleaſure it deprives:
" 4. Laſt, that approaching death attends our lives.
" Of all theſe ſeveral cauſes I 'll diſcourſe,
" And then of each, in order, weigh the force."

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from ſuch affairs is only freed,
Which vigorous youth, and ſtrength of body need;
But to more high affairs our age is lent,
Moſt properly when heats of youth are ſpent.
Did Fabius, and your father Scipio
(Whoſe daughter my ſon married), nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii;
Whoſe courage, counſel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth reſtor'd, did boaſt,
Nor Appius, with whoſe ſtrength his ſight was loſt,
Who when the ſenate was to peace inclin'd
With Pyrrhus, ſhew'd his reaſon was not blind.
Whither 's our courage and our wiſdom come?
When Rome itſelf conſpires the fate of Rome.
The reſt with ancient gravity and ſkill
He ſpake (for his oration 's extant ſtill.)
'Tis ſeventeen years ſince he had conſul been
The ſecond time, and there were ten between?
Therefore their argument 's of little force,
Who age from great employments would divorce,
As in a ſhip ſome climb the ſhrouds, t' unfold
The ſail, ſome ſweep the deck, ſome pump the hold;
Whilſt he that guides the helm, employs his ſkill,
And gives the law to them, by ſitting ſtill.
Great actions leſs from courage, ſtrength, and ſpeed,
Than from wiſe counſels and commands proceed;

Thoſe

Thoſe arts age wants not, which to age belong,
Not heat, but cold experience makes us ſtrong.
A conſul, tribune, general, I have been,
All ſorts of war I have paſt through, and ſeen;
And now grown old, I ſeem t' abandon it,
Yet to the ſenate I preſcribe what 's fit.
I every day 'gainſt Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's deſtruction hath been long her aim)
Nor ſhall I ceaſe till I her ruin ſee,
Which triumph may the Gods deſign for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandſire's ghoſt,
Whoſe life at Cannæ with great honour loſt
Is on record, nor had he weary'd been
With age, if he an hundred years had ſeen,
He had not us'd excurſions, ſpears, or darts,
But counſel, order, and ſuch aged arts;
Which, if our anceſtors had not retain'd,
The ſenate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their higheſt Magiſtrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever ſhall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
With vigilant conduct, when that ſharp reply
He gave to Salinator, I ſtood by,
Who to the caſtle fled, the town being loſt,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boaſt,
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not loſt, I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait,
As on his arms, in his fifth conſulate.

When his colleague Carvilius ſtept aſide,
The Tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
Againſt the ſenate's will, he will not yield;
When being angry, boldly he declares
Thoſe things were acted under happy ſtars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwiſe they came from bad aſpects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his ſon's death did all the reſt excel;
(His gallant ſon, though young, had conſul been)
His funeral oration I have ſeen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philoſophers deſpiſe.
Though he in all the people's eyes ſeem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feaſting with his private friends at home,
Such counſel, ſuch diſcourſe, from him did come,
Such ſcience in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all things preſent and to come,
Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beſide:
Dying in extreme age, I propheſy'd
That which is come to paſs, and did diſcern
From his ſurvivors I could nothing learn.
This long diſcourſe was but to let you ſee,
That his long life could not uneaſy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipio's are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war.

Yet

Yet others to like happy age arrive,
Who modeſt, quiet, and with virtue live:
Thus Plato writing his philoſophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian ſtory writ at ninety-four
By Iſocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His maſter Gorgias at the hundredth year
And ſeventh, not his ſtudies did forbear:
And, aſk'd, why he no ſooner left the ſtage,
Said, he ſaw nothing to accuſe old age.
None but the fooliſh, who their lives abuſe,
Age, of their own miſtakes and crimes, accuſe.
All commonwealths (as by records is ſeen)
As by age preſerv'd, by youth deſtroy'd have been.
When the tragedian Nævis did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer ſtand?
'Twas anſwer'd, that their ſenators were new,
Fooliſh and young, and ſuch as nothing knew;
Nature to youth hot raſhneſs doth diſpence,
But with cold prudence age doth recompence;
But age, 'tis ſaid, will memory decay,
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or, if by nature it be dull and ſlow:
Themiſtocles (when ag'd) the names did know
Of all th' Athenians; and none grow ſo old,
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From age ſuch art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing, which is our concern;
Their intereſt no prieſt nor ſorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philoſopher;

No underſtanding memory can want,
Where wiſdom ſtudious induſtry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative;
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his ſons before the judges brought,
Becauſe he pay'd the Muſes ſuch reſpect,
His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
Almoſt condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
Hear, but inſtead of me, my Oedipus:
The judges hearing with applauſe, at th' end
Freed him, and ſaid, no fool ſuch lines had penn'd.
What poets and what orators can I
Recount? what princes in philoſophy?
Whoſe conſtant ſtudies with their age did ſtrive,
Nor did they thoſe, though thoſe did them ſurvive.
Old huſbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and ſow.
For never any man was yet ſo old,
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly ſaid, each day we ſpend
Diſcovers ſomething, which muſt needs offend;
But ſometimes age may pleaſant things behold,
And nothing that offends: He ſhould have told
This not to age, but youth, who oftener ſee
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in age, and age in youth.

What

What to the old can greater pleaſure be,
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to ſee;
When they with reverence follow where we lead,
And in ſtrait paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my converſation here I ſee,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis diſingenuous to accuſe our age
Of idleneſs, who all our powers engage
In the ſame ſtudies, the ſame courſe to hold;
Nor think our reaſon for new arts too old.
Solon the ſage his progreſs never ceas'd,
But ſtill his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the ſame greedineſs did ſeek,
As water when I thirſt, to ſwallow Greek;
Which I did only learn, that I might know
Thoſe great examples, which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the wiſe,
Learn'd on the lute for his laſt exerciſe.
Though many of the ancients did the ſame,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW int' our ſecond grievance I muſt break,
"That loſs of ſtrength makes underſtanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful ſtrength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which nature gave,
Nor am I now diſpleas'd with what I have.

When the young wreſtlers at their ſport grew warm,
Old Milo wept, to ſee his naked arm;
And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine heart, and head,
And all that 's in them (not thy arm) are dead;
This folly every looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and ſides.
Our gallant anceſtors let fall no tears,
Their ſtrength decreaſing by increaſing years;
But they advanc'd in wiſdom every hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in power.
But orators may grieve, for in their ſides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;
Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And ſtill my own ſometimes the ſenate hear.
When th' old with ſmooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead:
Which, if I had not ſtrength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
What 's to be done, or not be done, inſtruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandſire the great African,
Were joyful, when the flower of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending ſtood,
Like oracles their counſels to receive,
How in their progreſs they ſhould act, and live.
And they whoſe high examples youth obeys,
Are not deſpiſed, though their ſtrength decays,
And thoſe decays (to ſpeak the naked truth,
Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.

Intem-

Intemperate youth (by ſad experience found)
Ends in an age imperfect and unſound.
Cyrus, though ag'd (if Xenophon ſay true);
Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his ſecond conſulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of theſe, in body or in mind,
Before their death the leaſt decay did find.
I ſpeak not of myſelf, though none deny
To age, to praiſe their youth, the liberty:
Such an unwaſted ſtrength I cannot boaſt,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almoſt:
And though from what it was my ſtrength is far,
Both in the firſt and ſecond Punick war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I conſul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakneſs, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my ſtrength;
And I, my gueſt, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of juſtice can defend:
Neither muſt I that proverb's truth allow,
"Who would be antient, muſt be early ſo."
I would be youthful ſtill, and find no need
To appear old, till I was ſo indeed.
And yet you ſee my hours not idle are,
Though with your ſtrength I cannot mine compare;
Yet this centurion's doth your's ſurmount,
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his ſhoulder came.

Would

Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which nature gives with care retain,
But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain;
In age to wiſh for youth is full as vain,
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain nature's ways appear,
As ſhe ſets forth the ſeaſons of the year.
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakneſs to childhood, raſhneſs to our youth;
To elder years to be diſcreet and grave,
Then to old age maturity ſhe gave.
(Scipio) you know, how Maſſiniſſa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years;
When marching with his foot, he walks till night;
When with his horſe, he never will alight;
Though cold, or wet, his head is always bare;
So hot, ſo dry, his aged members are.
You ſee how exerciſe and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful ſtrength advance,
Our law (becauſe from age our ſtrength retires)
No duty which belongs to ſtrength requires.
But age doth many men ſo feeble make,
That they no great deſign can undertake;
Yet, that to age not ſingly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beſide.
That Scipio, who adopted you did fall
Into ſuch pains, he had no health at all;
Who elſe had equal'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts:

Why

Why ſhould thoſe errors then imputed be
To age alone, from which our youth 's not free?
Every diſeaſe of age we may prevent,
Like thoſe of youth, by being diligent.
When ſick, ſuch moderate exerciſe we uſe,
And diet, as our vital heat renews;
And if our body thence refreſhment finds,
Then muſt we alſo exerciſe our minds.
If with continual oil we not ſupply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die:
Though bodies may be tir'd with exerciſe,
No wearineſs the mind could e'er ſurprize.
Cæcilius the comedian, when of age
He repreſents the follies on the ſtage;
They 're credulous, forgetful, diſſolute,
Neither thoſe crimes to age he doth impute,
But to old men to whom thoſe crimes belong.
Luſt, petulance, raſhneſs, are in youth more ſtrong
Than age, and yet young men thoſe vices hate,
Who virtuous are, diſcreet, and temperate:
And ſo what we call dotage, ſeldom breeds
In bodies, but where nature ſows the ſeeds.
There are five daughters, and four gallant ſons,
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a moſt numerous family beſide;
Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide.
Yet his clear-ſighted mind was ſtill intent,
And to his buſineſs like a bow ſtood bent:
By children, ſervants, neighbours, ſo eſteem'd,
He not a maſter, but a monarch ſeem'd.

All

All his relations his admirers were,
His ſons paid reverence, and his ſervants fear:
The order and the ancient diſcipline
Of Romans did in all his actions ſhine.
Authority kept-up old age ſecures,
Whoſe dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old age approve,
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this obſerves, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
The ſeven volumes of my own reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with thoſe of ancient Rome.
The pontificial, and the civil law,
I ſtudy ſtill, and thence orations draw.
And to confirm my memory, at night,
What I hear, ſee, or do, by day, I ſtill recite.
Theſe exerciſes for my thoughts I find,
Theſe labours are the chariots of my mind.
To ſerve my friends, the ſenate I frequent,
And there, what I before digeſted, vent.
Which only from my ſtrength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs:
Which, if I could not do, I ſhould delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in ſuch practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching age;
Which by degrees inviſibly doth creep:
Nor do we ſeem to die, but fall aſleep.

THE

THE THIRD PART.

NOW muſt I draw my forces 'gainſt that hoſt
Of pleaſures, which i' th' ſea of age are loſt.
O thou moſt high tranſcendent gift of age!
Youth from its folly thus to diſengage.
And now receive from me that moſt divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine,
Which at Tarentum I long ſince did hear;
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with ſweet pleaſure's poiſon'd bait?
Which he, with all deſigns of art or power,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poiſons ſeek the nobleſt part,
Pleaſure poſſeſſes firſt the head and heart;
Intoxicating both, by them, ſhe finds,
And burns the ſacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reaſon's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound.
Luſt, murder, treaſon, avarice, and hell
Itſelf broke looſe, in reaſon's palace dwell:
Truth, honour, juſtice, temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkneſs led.
But why all this diſcourſe? when pleaſure's rage
Hath conquer'd reaſon, we muſt treat with age.
Age undermines, and will in time ſurprize
Her ſtrongeſt forts, and cut off all ſupplies;

And

And, join'd in league with ſtrong neceſſity,
Pleaſure muſt flie, or elſe by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a conſulſhip had grac'd,
(Then cenſor) from the ſenate I diſplac'd;
When he in Gaul, a conſul, made a feaſt,
A beauteous courtezan did him requeſt
To ſee the cutting off a priſoner's head;
This crime I could not leave unpuniſhed,
Since by a private villainy he ſtain'd
That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our age (when not to pleaſures bent)
This ſeems an honour, not diſparagement.
We, not all pleaſures like the Stoicks hate;
But love and ſeek thoſe which are moderate.
(Though divine Plato thus of pleaſures thought,
They us, with hooks and baits, like fiſhes caught)
When quæſtor, to the gods, in public halls
I was the firſt, who ſet up feſtivals.
Not with high taſtes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with converſation and diſcourſe;
Which feaſts Convivial Meetings we did name:
Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their ſhame,
Call'd it a Compotation, not a feaſt;
Declaring the worſt part of it the beſt.
Thoſe entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
But now I thank my age, which gives me eaſe
From thoſe exceſſes; yet myſelf I pleaſe
With chearful talk to entertain my gueſts,
(Diſcourſes are to age continual feaſts)

The

The love of meat and wine they recompenſe,
And chear the mind, as much as thoſe the ſenſe.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainſt all pleaſures proclaim open war,
To which, in age, ſome natural motions are.
And ſtill at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the ſenſe of guſt and pleaſure want,
Which youth at full poſſeſſes, this I grant;
But age ſeeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not deſires.
When Sophocles was aſk'd, if he deny'd
Himſelf the uſe of pleaſures, he reply'd,
I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
From that fierce tyrant's inſolence ſet free.
But they, whom preſſing appetites conſtrain,
Grieve when they cannot their deſires obtain.
Young men the uſe of pleaſure underſtand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Though this ſtands more remote from age's ſight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient ſoldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With ſenſe of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious hopes and luſts releaſt,
Delighted with itſelf, our age doth reſt.
No part of life 's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed,
All youthful pleaſures by degrees muſt ceaſe;
But thoſe of age ev'n with our years increaſe.

We

We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from furfeits our repoſe is found.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambaſſador, from Rome to Pyrrhus ſent,
He heard a grave philoſopher maintain,
That all the actions of our life were vain,
Which with our ſenſe of pleaſure not conſpir'd;
Fabricius the philoſopher deſir'd,
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the ſame doctrine preach;
Then of their conqueſt he ſhould doubt no more,
Whom their own pleaſures overcame before.
Now into ruſtic matters I muſt fall,
Which pleaſure ſeems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to thoſe can give,
Who wiſely by the rules of nature live.
Earth (though our mother) chearfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays.
For whatſoever from our hand ſhe takes,
Greater or leſs, a vaſt return ſhe makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that reſource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force,
The ſeed her boſom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly ſhe embraces it,
Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and ſpread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nouriſhment,
Which from the root through nerves and veins are ſent,
Streight in a hollow ſheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving, doth itſelf diſcloſe:

Drawn

Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded ſpikes
Guard it from birds, as with a ſtand of pikes.
When of the vine I ſpeak, I ſeem inſpir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd;
At nature's god-like power I ſtand amaz'd,
Which ſuch vaſt bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's ſmall grain,
Can cloath a mountain, and o'erſhade a plain:
But thou, dear vine, forbid'ſt me to be long,
Although thy trunk be neither large nor ſtrong,
Nor can thy head (not helpt) itſelf ſublime,
Yet, like a ſerpent, a tall tree can climb;
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
Proves thy ſupport, and all its ſtrength is thine.
Though nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudeſt cedar ſtands:
As thou haſt hands, ſo hath thy offspring wings,
And to the higheſt part of mortals ſprings.
But leſt thou ſhould'ſt conſume thy wealth in vain,
And ſtarve thyſelf to feed a numerous train,
Or like the bee (ſweet as thy blood) deſign'd
To be deſtroy'd to propagate his kind,
Leſt thy redundant and ſuperfluous juice
Should fading leaves inſtead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, muſt quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific ſtem
A ſwelling knot is raiſed (call'd a gem),
Whence, in ſhort ſpace, itſelf the cluſter ſhows,
And from earth's moiſture mixt with ſun-beams grows.

I' th' ſpring, like youth, it yields an acid taſte,
But ſummer doth, like age, the ſourneſs waſte;
Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold ſecure,
Like virgins, ſweet, and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could dwell,
At once to pleaſe my eye, my taſte, my ſmell;
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting ſtand.
To tell the ſeveral natures of each earth,
What fruits from each moſt properly take birth:
And with what arts to enrich every mold,
The dry to moiſten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate;
As Orpheus' muſic wildeſt beaſts did tame,
From the ſour crab the ſweeteſt apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to ſchool,
The ſpecies changed, doth her laws o'er-rule;
Nature herſelf doth from herſelf depart,
(Strange tranſmigration) by the power of art.
How little things give law to great! we ſee
The ſmall bud captivates the greateſt tree.
Here even the power divine we imitate,
And ſeem not to beget, but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beaſts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excuſe me when this pleaſant ſtring I touch,
(For age, of what delights it, ſpeaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,

Great

Great Curius, his remaining days did ſpend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm ſtands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire:
The Samnites chiefs, as by his fire he ſate.
With a vaſt ſum of gold on him did wait;
Return, ſaid he, your gold I nothing weigh,
When thoſe, who can command it, me obey:
This my aſſertion proves, he may be old,
And yet not ſordid, who refuſes gold.
In ſummer to ſit ſtill, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a ſhady grove.
What can in winter render more delight,
Than the high ſun at noon, and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feaſt and play,
And with their harmleſs mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With age, all pleaſures of our youth excels.
Obſerve, that I that age have only prais'd
Whoſe pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applauſe receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been ſince believ'd.
That moſt unhappy age great pity needs,
Which to defend itſelf new matter pleads;
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our paſt life, when virtuouſly ſpent,
Muſt to our age thoſe happy fruits preſent.

Thoſe things to age moſt honourable are,
Which eaſy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, conſulting, compliment, reſort,
Crouding attendance to, and from the court:
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd ſtates.
Lyſander pleading in his city's praiſe,
From thence his ſtrongeſt argument did raiſe,
That Sparta did with honour age ſupport,
Paying them juſt reſpect at ſtage, and court.
But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
Nor at the plays would riſe, or give them place.
When an Athenian ſtranger of great age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the ſtage,
To him the whole aſſembly roſe, and ran
To place and eaſe this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, Th' Athenians know
What's to be done; but what they know, not do.
Here our great ſenate's orders I may quote,
The firſt in age is ſtill the firſt in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
In competition with great years may ſtand.
Why ſhould our youth's ſhort tranſient pleaſures dare
With age's laſting honours to compare?
On the world's ſtage, when our applauſe grows high,
For acting here life's tragic-comedy,
The lookers-on will ſay we act not well,
Unleſs the laſt the former ſcenes excel:
But age is froward, uneaſy, ſcrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parſimonious;

But

But all thoſe errors from our manners riſe,
Not from our years; yet ſome moroſities
We muſt expect ſince jealouſy belongs
To age, of ſcorn, and tender ſenſe of wrongs:
Yet thoſe are mollify'd, or not diſcern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins humours, in our Terence, are
Unlike, this harſh and rude, that ſmooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
Some ſorts, when old, continue briſk and fine;
So age's gravity may ſeem ſevere,
But nothing harſh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of age's avarice I cannot ſee
What colour, ground, or reaſon there ſhould be:
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is ſhort, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice ſome title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the ſpring had ſown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with ſummer's plenty, winter's wants.
But age ſcarce ſows, till death ſtands by to reap,
And to a ſtranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be ſo once, ſhe 's always poor,
And to avoid a miſchief makes it ſure.
Such madneſs, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

NOW againſt (that which terrifies our age)
The laſt, and greateſt grievance, we engage;
To her, grim death appears in all her ſhapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, fooliſh man! with fear of death ſurpriz'd,
Which either ſhould be wiſh'd for, or deſpis'd;
This, if our ſouls with bodies death deſtroy;
That, if our ſouls a ſecond life enjoy.
What elſe is to be fear'd; when we ſhall gain
Eternal life, or have no ſenſe of pain?
The youngeſt in the morning are not ſure,
That till the night their life they can ſecure,
Their age ſtands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terror) againſt nature ſtrives,
Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's diſorders riſe,
For if all men were old they would be wiſe;
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws, and into cities brought:
Why only ſhould the fear of death belong
To age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my ſon, to you
(Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which age muſt not expect;

But

But when he ſees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
With grief he ſays, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they, who but deſir'd
To poſſeſs that, which we long ſince acquir'd.
What if our age to Neſtor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that laſting, which muſt end;
And when 'tis paſt, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is paſt, nor what 's to come, we know;
Our date, how ſhort ſoe'er, muſt us content;
When a good actor doth his part preſent,
In every act he our attention draws,
That at the laſt he may find juſt applauſe;
So (though but ſhort) yet we muſt learn the art
Of virtue, on this ſtage to act our part;
True wiſdom muſt our actions ſo direct,
Not only the laſt plaudit to expect:
Yet grieve no more, though long that part ſhould laſt,
Than huſbandmen, becauſe the ſpring is paſt.
The ſpring, like youth, freſh bloſſoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for uſe:
So age a mature mellowneſs doth ſet
On the green promiſes of youthful heat.
All things which nature did ordain are good,
And ſo muſt be receiv'd and underſtood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's boſom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely, crops;
The ſparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge ſtreams are pour'd on raging fires;

But age unforc'd falls by her own conſent,
As coals to aſhes, when the ſpirit 's ſpent;
Therefore to death I with ſuch joy reſort,
As ſeamen from a tempeſt to their port.
Yet to that port ourſelves we muſt not force,
Before our pilot, nature, ſteers our courſe.
Let us the cauſes of our fear condemn,
Then death at his approach we ſhall contemn.
Though to our heat of youth our age ſeems cold,
Yet, when reſolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Piſiſtratus reply'd,
Demanded, on what ſuccour he rely'd,
When with ſo few he boldly did engage;
He ſaid, he took his courage from his age.
Then death ſeems welcome, and our nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect ſenſe and mind,
She (like a workman in his ſcience ſkill'd)
Pulls down with eaſe, what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the leaſt violent ſeparation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We muſt not force them till themſelves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our ſtation ſtand,
Till God, our general, ſhall us diſband.
Wiſe Solon dying, wiſh'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he ſtill might live.
Yet wiſer Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;
Your tears for ſuch a death in vain you ſpend,
Which ſtrait in immortality ſhall end.

In

In death if there be any ſenſe of pain,
But a ſhort ſpace, to age it will remain.
On which, without my fears, my wiſhes wait,
But timorous youth on this ſhould meditate:
Who for light pleaſure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know;
Nor whether it may be this night, or no:
How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the fear of death diſpute,
Our gallant actions this miſtake confute.
Thee, Brutus, Rome's firſt martyr I muſt name,
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulph of flame:
Attilius ſacrific'd himſelf, to ſave
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave;
With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal.
The great Marcellus (who reſtored Rome)
His greateſt foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew:
Muſt then the wiſe, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd forbear?
Satiety from all things elſe doth come,
Then life muſt to itſelf grow weariſome.
Thoſe trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauſeous to the young man's appetite;
And from thoſe gaieties our youth requires
To exerciſe their minds, our age retires.

And

And when the laſt delights of age ſhall die,
Life in itſelf will find ſatiety.
Now you, my friends, my ſenſe of death ſhall hear,
Which I can well deſcribe, for he ſtands near.
Your father Lælius, and your's Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know;
As certainly as we muſt die, they live
That life which juſtly may that name receive:
Till from theſe priſons of our fleſh releas'd,
Our ſouls with heavy burdens lie oppreſs'd;
Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyſs, doth hide and drown,
A place ſo dark to the cœleſtial light,
And pure eternal fire's quite oppoſite,
The Gods through human bodies did diſperſe
An heavenly ſoul, to guide this univerſe;
That man, when he of heavenly bodies ſaw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates ſhow,
But to the old philoſophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and thoſe who came
With him, and from our country took their name;
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal breaſts did ſhine.
Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd, the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of ſouls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wiſeſt nam'd)
Why ſhould we doubt of that, whereof our ſenſe
Finds demonſtration from experience?

Our

Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that 's mortal can ſo ſwiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an inſtant all that 's paſt collect.
Reaſon, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's ſoul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cauſe that motion owes;
And therefore that, no end can overtake,
Becauſe our minds cannot themſelves forſake.
And ſince the matter of our ſoul is pure,
And ſimple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts, which not among themſelves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.
And nature ſhews (without philoſophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy diſcern,
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can ſpeak, they find ſo many ways
To ſerve their turn, and ſee more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can expreſs,
The words and things they know are numberleſs,
Which nature only, and no art could find,
But what ſhe taught before, ſhe call'd to mind,
Theſe to his ſons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words;
" Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
" I ſhall be no where, or to nothing turn:
" That ſoul, which gave me life, was ſeen by none,
" Yet by the actions it deſign'd, was known;

" And

" And though its flight no mortal eye ſhall ſee,
" Yet know, for ever it the ſame ſhall be.
" That ſoul, which can immortal glory give,
" To her own virtues muſt for ever live.
" Can you believe, that man's all-knowing mind
" Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
" Though a foul fooliſh priſon her immure
" On earth, ſhe (when eſcap'd) is wiſe, and pure,
" Man's body, when diſſolv'd, is but the ſame
" With beaſts, and muſt return from whence it came;
" But whence into our bodies reaſon flows,
" None ſees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
" Nothing reſembles death ſo much as ſleep,
" Yet then our minds themſelves from ſlumber keep.
" When from their fleſhly bondage they are free,
" Then what divine and future things they ſee!
" Which makes it moſt apparent whence they are,
" And what they ſhall hereafter be, declare."
This noble ſpeech the dying Cyrus made.
Me, Scipio, ſhall no argument perſuade,
Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their name,
Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ againſt Hannibal;
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
To boaſt their actions) had ſo oft engag'd
In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,
That only Fame our virtuous actions bought;
'Twere better in ſoft pleaſure and repoſe
Ingloriouſly our peaceful eyes to cloſe:

Some

Some high aſſurance hath poſſeſt my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.
Unleſs our ſouls from the immortals came,
What end have we to ſeek immortal fame?
All virtuous ſpirits ſome ſuch hope attends,
Therefore the wiſe his days with pleaſure ends.
The fooliſh and ſhort-ſighted die with fear,
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wiſe and virtuous ſoul, with clearer eyes,
Before ſhe parts, ſome happy port deſcries.
My friends, your fathers I ſhall ſurely ſee;
Nor only thoſe I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But ſuch as before ours did end their days;
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praiſe.
This I believe: for were I on my way,
None ſhould perſuade me to return, or ſtay:
Should ſome god tell me, that I ſhould be born,
And cry again, his offer I would ſcorn;
Aſham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my firſt ſtarting-place.
And ſince with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We ſhould be either ſatisfy'd or cloy'd:
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wiſe and learn'd have done before;
Nor can I think ſuch life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is ſpent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home I paſs,
Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil ſet free,
That peaceful and divine aſſembly ſee:

Not

Not only thoſe I nam'd I there ſhall greet,
But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
Nor did I weep, when I to aſhes turn'd
His belov'd body, who ſhould mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts beheld his ſoul aſcend,
Where his fixt hopes our interview attend:
Then ceaſe to wonder that I feel no grief
From age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this aſſurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's ſoul immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no power ſhall diſpoſſeſs
My thoughts of that expected happineſs.
Though ſome minute philoſophers pretend,
That with our days our pains and pleaſures end.
If it be ſo, I hold the ſafer ſide,
For none of them my error ſhall deride.
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itſelf rewarded here,
If thoſe, who this opinion have deſpis'd,
And their whole life to pleaſure ſacrific'd,
Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wiſh, that me they had believ'd.
If ſouls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies ſhould be out of pain.
The ſame uneaſineſs which every thing
Gives to our nature, life muſt alſo bring.
Good acts, if long, ſeem tedious; ſo is age,
Acting too long upon this earth her ſtage.
Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.

CON-

TO THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight ſo ſtrong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? ſo long?
One ſingle rapture ſcarce itſelf confines
Within the limits of four thouſand lines:
And yet I hope to ſee this noble heat
Continue, till it makes the piece compleat,
That to the latter age it may deſcend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poeſy joins profit with delight,
Her images ſhould be moſt exquiſite,
Since man to that perfection cannot riſe,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wiſe;
Therefore the patterns man ſhould imitate
Above the life our maſters ſhould create.
Herein, if we conſult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himſelf, his characters were blind:
Virgil's ſublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his ſublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their bleſt abodes;

And, that his hero might accompliſh'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the beſt original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with thoſe heroes Time
Had in oblivion wrapt, his ſaucy crime;
To them and to your nation you are juſt,
In raiſing up their glories from the duſt;
And to Old England you that right have done,
To ſhew, no ſtory nobler than her own.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS.

1650.

READER, preſerve thy peace; thoſe buſy eyes
Will weep at their own ſad diſcoveries;
When every line they add improves thy loſs,
Till, having view'd the whole, they ſum a croſs;
Such as derides thy paſſions' beſt relief,
And ſcorns the ſuccours of thy eaſy grief.
Yet, leſt thy ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn: the ſhame
Of an exemption, from juſt ſenſe, doth ſhew
Irrational, beyond exceſs of woe.
Since reaſon, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncenſur'd, pay that tribute here,

Upon

Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Duſt far more precious than in India's veins:
Within theſe cold embraces, raviſh'd, lies
That which compleats the age's tyrannies:
Who weak to ſuch another ill appear,
For what deſtroys our hope, ſecures our fear.
What ſin unexpiated, in this land
Of groans, hath guided ſo ſevere a hand?
The late great victim * that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have ſpar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our ſteps aright;
By whoſe example good, condemned we
Might have run on to kinder deſtiny.
But, as the leader of the herd fell firſt
A ſacrifice, to quench the raging thirſt
Of inflam'd vengeance for paſt crimes; ſo none
But this white-fatted youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious ſmoke,
That ſullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choak.
Let it ſuffice for us, that we have loſt
In him, more than the widow'd world can boaſt
In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards ſtill, imparts
No haſte like that of his increaſing parts;
Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was ſeen, as full of comfort, and as bright.

* King Charles the Firſt.

Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now ſubmits to night,
In the black boſom of whoſe ſable ſpite,
He leaves a cloud of fleſh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the ſkies.
Great ſaint! ſhine there in an eternal ſphere,
And tell thoſe powers to whom thou now draw'ſt near,
That by our trembling ſenſe, in HASTINGS dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read;
The ſhort lines of whoſe life did to our eyes
Their love and majeſty epitomize.
Tell them, whoſe ſtern decrees impoſe our laws,
The feaſted grave may cloſe her hollow jaws;
Though ſin ſearch nature, to provide her here
A ſecond entertainment half ſo dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearſe,
Till Time preſent her with the Univerſe.

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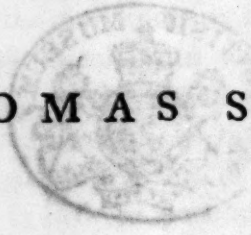

DR. THOMAS SPRAT,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE REVEREND

DR. WILKINS,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleaſed to think fit that theſe papers ſhould come into the public, which were at firſt deſigned to live only in a deſk, or ſome private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldneſs to commit them to the ſecurity which your name and protection will give them with the moſt knowing part of the world. There are two things eſpecially in which they ſtand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall ſo infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are ſo little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince, on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deſerving rather to be the ſubjects of the nobleſt pens and divine fancies, than of ſuch ſmall beginners and weak eſſayers in poetry as myſelf. Againſt theſe dangerous prejudices, there remains no other ſhield, than the univerſal eſteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great perſon, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particu-

larly by reaſon of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myſelf to your ſervice: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my ſtudies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be injuſtice, but ſacrilege: ſo that if there be any thing here tolerably ſaid, which deſerves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your moſt devoted,

and obliged ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

POEMS

BY BISHOP SPRAT.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE LATE LORD PROTECTOR.

I.

'TIS true, great name, thou art ſecure
From the forgetfulneſs and rage
Of death, or envy, or devouring age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of time endure:
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearſe,
Though it were never heard or ſung in verſe.
Without our help, thy memory is ſafe;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inſcription,
Remember'd only on the braſs, or marble-ſtone,

'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our roſes and perfumes
Will but officious folly ſhow,
And pious nothings to ſuch mighty tombs.
All our incenſe, gums and balm,
Are but unneceſſary duties here:
The poets may their ſpices ſpare,
Their coſtly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
That need not be embalm'd, which of itſelf is ſweet:

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our obedience and our love:
For when the ſun and fire meet,
The one 's extinguiſh'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble names with thine;
Their weaker ſparks with thy illuſtrious light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought,
We know, bleſs'd ſpirit, thy mighty name
Wants no addition of another's beam;
It 's for our pens too high, and full of theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred urn ſurvive,
Without the food of oil, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our ſongs;
Duty commands our tongues:

Though

Though thou want not our praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo men from religion are not freed,
But from the altars clouds muſt riſe,
Though heaven itſelf doth nothing need,
And though the gods don't want an earthly ſacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whoſe each year
Full of new miracles did appear!
Whoſe every month might be
Alone a chronicle, or hiſtory!
Others great actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle ſtar;
But thine the milky-way,
All one continued light, of undiſtinguiſh'd day;
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that nought elſe could be ſeen,
Scarce any common ſky did come between:
What ſhall I ſay, or where begin?
Thou may'ſt in double ſhapes be ſhown,
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, ſometimes with warlike thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful ſceptre in his hand;
Or in the field, or on the throne.
In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of ſubſtance, and ſo ſtrongly join'd,
So pure, ſo weighty gold,

That the leaſt grain of it,
If fully ſpread and bear,
Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thyſelf wert great,
Whilſt yet the happy bud
Was not quite ſeen or underſtood,
It then ſure ſigns of future greatneſs ſhew'd:
Then thy domeſtic worth
Did tell the world what it would be,
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full ſpring ſhould call it forth:
As bodies in the dark and night
Have the ſame colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open day and light;
The ſun doth only ſhew
That they are bright, not make them ſo.
So whilſt but private walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame virtues did appear,
Though in a leſs and more contracted ſphere,
As full, though not as large as ſince they were:
And, like great rivers' fountains, though
At firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go:
Though then thine was not ſo enlarg'd a flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
Thy ſceptre's not thy father's, but thy own:

Thy

Thy purple was not made at once in haſte,
But after many other colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt princely dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer cares,
And private thoughts took up thy private years:
Thoſe hands which were ordain'd by fates
To change the world and alter ſtates,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt deſign
On meaner things with equal mien.
That ſoul which ſhould ſo many ſceptres ſway,
To whom ſo many kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtic way:
So government itſelf began
From family, and ſingle man,
Was by the ſmall relation firſt
Of huſband and of father nurs'd,
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread itſelf o'er all the world at laſt.

VI.

But when thy country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy virtue and thy courage call'd;
When England did thy arms intreat,
And 't had been ſin in thee not to be great:
When every ſtream, and every flood,
Was a true vein of earth, and run with blood:
When unus'd arms, and unknown war,
Fill'd every place, and every ear;
When the great ſtorms and diſmal night
Did all the land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.

Thou

Thou left'ſt thy more delightful peace,
Thy private life and better eaſe;
Then down thy ſteel and armour took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the hook:
When death had got a large commiſſion out,
Throwing the arrows and her ſting about;
Then thou (as once the healing ſerpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thyſelf but us.

VII.

Thy country wounded was, and ſick, before
Thy wars and arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the diſeaſe did lie,
And like the cure of ſympathy,
The ſtrong and certain remedy
Unto the weapon didſt apply;
Thou didſt not draw the ſword, and ſo
Away the ſcabbard throw,
As if thy country ſhou'd
Be the inheritance of Mars and blood:
But that, when the great work was ſpun,
War in itſelf ſhould be undone:
That peace might land again upon the ſhore,
Richer and better than before:
The huſbandmen no ſteel ſhall know,
None but the uſeful iron of the plow;
That bays might creep on every ſpear:
And though our ſky was overſpread
With a deſtructive red,
'Twas but till thou our ſun didſt in full light appear.

VIII.

VIII.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into letter, every leaf
Had on it wrote his epitaph:
So from that crimſon flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters and learning roſe, and arts renew'd:
Thou fought'ſt, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
But to refine the church and ſtate;
And like the Romans, whate'er thou
In the field of Mars didſt mow,
Was, that a holy iſland hence might grow.
Thy wars, as rivers raiſed by a ſhower,
Which welcome clouds do pour,
Though they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away with an enraged ſtream;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the filth and mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another ſlime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

IX.

In fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in battles and in arms excel;
That ſteely arms themſelves might be
Worn out in war as ſoon as thee;
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd fate;

As

As if uncertain victory
Had been firſt o'ercome by thee;
As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve,
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumph'dſt thyſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too;
Though they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher ſphere:
Thou, the great Sun, gav'ſt light to every ſtar:
Thyſelf an army wert alone,
And mighty troops contain'd in one.
Thy only ſword did guard the land,
Like that which, flaming in the angel's hand,
From men God's garden did defend;
But yet thy ſword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this land a paradiſe.

X.

Thou fought'ſt not to be high or great,
Nor for a ſceptre or a crown,
Or ermin, purple, or the throne;
But as the veſtal heat,
Thy fire was kindled from above alone:
Religion putting on thy ſhield
Brought thee victorious to the field.
Thy arms, like thoſe which ancient heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didſt adore:
And all the ſwords thy armies had,
Were on an heavenly anvil made;

Not

Not intereſt, or any weak deſire
Of rule or empire, did thy mind inſpire:
Thy valour like the holy fire,
Which did before the Perſian armies go,
Liv'd in the camp, and yet was ſacred too:
Thy mighty ſword anticipates,
What was deſerv'd by heaven and thoſe bleſt ſeats,
And makes the church triumphant here below.

XI.

Though fortune did hang on thy ſword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Though fortune, for thy ſide and thee,
Forgot her lov'd inconſtancy;
Amidſt thy arms and trophies thou
Were valiant and gentle too;
Wound'ſt thyſelf, when thou didſt kill thy foe.
Like ſteel, when it much work has paſt,
That which was rough does ſhine at laſt,
Thy arms by being oftener us'd did ſmoother grow.
Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
Thy conqueſt rais'd the ſtate, not thee:
Thou overcam'ſt thyſelf in every victory.
As when the ſun in a directer line
Upon a poliſh'd golden ſhield doth ſhine,
The ſhield reflects unto the ſun again his light:
So when the heavens ſmil'd on thee in fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs and victory to thy tent;
To heaven again the victory was ſent.

XII.

XII.

England, till thou didſt come,
Confin'd her valour home;
Then our own rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our fame as well as land,
And were to us as well
As to our enemies unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our fathers did,
Becauſe we came ſo far behind the dead.
The Britiſh lion hung his main, and droop'd,
To ſlavery and burden ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate ſleep and fear
Lay in his den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt voice before,
A trembling echo ran through every ſhore,
And ſhook the world at every roar:
Thou his ſubdued courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadful lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring floods,
His mighty thunder ſounds through all the woods:
Thou haſt our military fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay, more, heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an iron age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'ſt, that azure chain of waves,
Which nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every pirate ſlaves,
Was rather burden than an ornament;

Thoſe

Thoſe fields of ſea, that waſh'd our ſhores,
Were plow'd and reap'd by other hands than ours:
To us, the liquid maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As it is to the ſun,
Only a bed to ſleep on was:
And not as now a powerful throne,
To ſhake and ſway the world thereon.
Our princes in their hand a globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of earth and water too.
But thy commands the floods obey'd,
Thou all the wilderneſs of water ſway'd:
Thou didſt not only wed the ſea,
Not make her equal, but a ſlave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy ſtroke:
He that ruled all the main,
Acknowledg'd thee his ſovereign:
And now the conquer'd ſea doth pay
More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the ſea.

XIV.

'Till now our valour did ourſelves more hurt;
Our wounds to other nations were a ſport;
And as the earth, our land produc'd
Iron and ſteel, which ſhould to tear ourſelves be us'd:
Our ſtrength within itſelf did break,
Like thundering cannons crack,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While th' enemies ſecur'd and untouch'd were.

But

But now our trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt their enemies walls in foreign ground;
And yet no echo back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful iſle,
And all the world the while
Is exerciſing arms and wars
With foreign or inteſtine jars.
The torch extinguiſh'd here, we lent to others oil.
We give to all, yet know ourſelves no fear;
We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
Where'er we pleaſe our ſwords t' unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
Like to the ſun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every corner of the world;
Whoſe flame through all the air doth go,
And yet the ſun himſelf the while no fire does know.

XV.

Beſides, the glories of thy peace
Are not in number nor in value leſs.
Thy hand did cure, and cloſe the ſcars
Of our bloody civil wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound:
When now the ſhip was well nigh loſt,
After the ſtorm upon the coaſt,
By its mariners endanger'd moſt;
When they their ropes and helms had left,
When the planks aſunder cleft,

And

And floods came roaring in with mighty ſound,
Thou a ſafe land and harbour for us found,
And ſavedſt thoſe that would themſelves have drown'd;
A work which none but heaven and thou could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy whether we would or no:
Thy judgment, mercy, temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe virtues only in thy mind had ſeat:
Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
When heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt;
Thy temples not like Janus only were
Open in time of war,
When thou hadſt greater cauſe to fear:
Religion and the awe of heaven poſſeſt
All places and all times alike thy breaſt.

XVI.

Nor didſt thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beſide;
Our after-times and late poſterity
Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When fate did call thee too a higher throne,
And when thy mortal work was done,
When heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs;
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:

'Tis he ſhall perfect all thy cares,
And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the choſen people from
Their ſlavery and fears,
Led them through their pathleſs road;
Guided himſelf by God,
H 'as brought them to the borders; but a ſecond hand
Did ſettle and ſecure them in the promis'd land.

To a Perſon of Honour (Mr. EDWARD HOWARD) upon his Incomparable, Incomprehenſible Poem, intituled The BRITISH PRINCES.

YOUR book our old knight-errants fame revives,
Writ in a ſtyle agreeing with their lives.
All rumours ſtrength their proweſs did out-go,
All rumours ſkill your verſes far out-do:
To praiſe the Welſh the world muſt now combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such lofty ſtrains your country's ſtory fit,
Whoſe mountain nothing equals but your wit.
Bonduca, were ſhe ſuch as here we ſee
(In Britiſh paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies ſhe encounter'd Rome,
Whoſe ſtrength with naked nature you o'ercome.
Nor let ſmall critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time ſhe here is ſeen:

You

You that can make immortal by your ſong,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.
Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
The ſettled courſe of time and years to move,
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things elſe you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forſake.
With true heroic glory you diſplay
A ſubject new, writ in the neweſt way.
Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write;
They talk ſtrange things that ancient poets did;
How trees and ſtones they into buildings lead:
For poems to raiſe cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at leaſt, will build half Paul's churchyard.

On his MISTRESS DROWN'D.

SWEET ſtream, that doſt with equal pace
Both thyſelf fly and thyſelf chace,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And liſten to my woe.

Then go and tell the ſea that all its brine
Is freſh, compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,

I' th' glory of her bud
Has paſs'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only ſtroke triumphs above
The greateſt power of love:
Alas, alas! I muſt give o'er,
My ſighs will let me add no more.
Go on, ſweet ſtream, and henceforth reſt
No more than does my troubled breaſt;
And if my ſad complaints have made thee ſtay,
Theſe tears, theſe tears, ſhall mend thy way.

THE

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

Which happened in the ſecond Year of the

PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

Firſt deſcribed in Greek by THUCYDIDES;
Then in Latin by LUCRETIUS.

To my worthy and learned Friend,

Dr. WALTER POPE,

Late Proctor of the Univerſity of Oxford.

SIR,

I KNOW not what pleaſure you could take in beſtowing your commands ſo unprofitably, unleſs it be that for which nature ſometimes cheriſhes and allows monſters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpoliſhed copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will ſee how much a noble ſubject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reaſon Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by ſome cele-

brated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides ſo well and ſo livelily expreſſes it, that I know not which is more a poem, his deſcription or that of Lucretius. Though it muſt be ſaid, that the hiſtorian had a vaſt advantage over the poet; he, having been preſent on the place, and aſſaulted by the diſeaſe himſelf, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the ſhapes of the miſery ſtill remaining on his mind, which muſt needs make a great impreſſion on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footſteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I ſpeak, becauſe it may in ſome meaſure too excuſe my own defects: for being ſo far removed from the place whereon the diſeaſe acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumſtances, cuſtoms of the country, and other ſmall things which would be of great uſe to any one who did intend to be perfect on the ſubject; beſides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet ſaw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thruſt himſelf into the midſt of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I ſay, all theſe diſadvantages, and many more for which I muſt only blame myſelf, it cannot be expected that I ſhould come near equaling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, ſir, by emboldening me to this raſh attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the compari-

ſon,

ſon, but that the inequality ſhould reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reaſon to fear the juſt indignation of that excellent perſon (the preſent ornament and honour of our nation) whoſe way of writing I imitate: for he may think himſelf as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the ſacred and unimitable noiſe of thunder, by the ſound of braſs and horſes hoofs. I ſhall only ſay for myſelf, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propoſe the nobleſt pattern to our thoughts; for ſo we may be ſure to be raiſed above the common level, though we come infinitely ſhort of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himſelf; for it was not any fault in the excellent muſician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by ſtraining its throat to follow his notes, deſtroyed itſelf in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have choſen rather to expoſe myſelf than to be diſobedient, you may gueſs with what zeal and hazard I ſtrive to approve myſelf, Sir,

Your moſt humble and

affectionate ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES, Lib. II.

As it is excellently tranſlated by Mr. HOBBES.

IN the very beginning of ſummer, the Peloponneſians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the ſon of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon: and after they had encamped themſelves, waſted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague firſt began amongſt the Athenians, ſaid alſo to have ſeized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elſewhere; but ſo great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at firſt neither were the phyſicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died faſteſt themſelves, as being the men that moſt approached the ſick, nor any other art of man availed whatſoever. All ſupplications to the gods, and enquiries of oracles, and whatſoever other means they uſed of that kind, proved all unprofitable, inſomuch as, ſubdued with the greatneſs of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) firſt in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Africk, and into the greateſt part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a ſudden, and touched firſt upon thoſe that dwelt in Pyræus, inſomuch as they reported that the Peloponneſians

loponneſians had caſt poiſon into their wells; for ſprings there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faſter. Now let every man, phyſician or other, concerning the ground of this ſickneſs, whence it ſprung, and what cauſes he thinks able to produce ſo great an alteration, ſpeak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only ſuch things as one may take his mark by to diſcover the ſame if it come again, having been both ſick of it myſelf, and ſeen others ſick of the ſame. This year, by confeſſion of all men, was of all other, for other diſeaſes, moſt free and healthful. If any man were ſick before, his diſeaſe turned to this; if not, yet ſuddenly, without any apparent cauſe preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken firſt with an extreme ache in their heads, redneſs and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew preſently bloody, and their breath noiſome and unſavoury. Upon this followed a ſneezing and hoarſeneſs, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breaſt. And when once it was ſettled in the ſtomach, it cauſed vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that phyſicians ever named. Moſt of them had alſo the hickyexe, which brought with it a ſtrong convulſion, and in ſome ceaſed quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddiſh, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; but

but ſo burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lighteſt cloaths or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedneſs, but rather moſt willingly to have caſt themſelves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, poſſeſſed with inſatiate thirſt, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being ſtill from eaſe and power to ſleep as far as ever.

As long as the diſeaſe was at the height, their bodies waſted not, but reſiſted the torment beyond all expectation, inſomuch as the moſt of them either died of their inward burning in nine or ſeven days, whilſt they had yet ſtrength; or if they eſcaped that, then, the diſeaſe falling down in their bellies, and cauſing there great exulcerations and immoderate looſeneſs, they died many of them afterwards through weakneſs: for the diſeaſe (which firſt took the head) began above, and came down, and paſſed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worſt of it was yet marked with the loſs of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loſs of theſe eſcaped. There were alſo ſome that loſt their eyes, and many that preſently upon their recovery were taken with ſuch an oblivion of all things whatſoever, as they neither knew themſelves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of ſickneſs which far ſurmounted all expreſſion of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared alſo otherwiſe to be none of thoſe diſeaſes that are bred among us, and that eſpecially by

by this: for all, both birds and beaſts, that uſe to feed on human fleſh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or taſting periſhed. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifeſt defect of ſuch fowl, which were not then ſeen, either about the carcaſes, or any where elſe; but by the dogs, becauſe they are familiar with men, this effect was ſeen much clearer. So that this diſeaſe (to paſs over many ſtrange particulars of the accidents that ſome had differently from others) was in general ſuch as I have ſhewn; and for other uſual ſickneſſes at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, ſome for want of attendance, and ſome again with all the care and phyſic that could be uſed. Nor was there any, to ſay, certain medicine, that applied muſt have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body for ſtrength or weakneſs that was able to reſiſt it; but carried all away, what phyſic ſoever was adminiſtred. But the greateſt miſery of all was, the defection of mind, in ſuch as found themſelves beginning to be ſick (for they grew preſently deſperate, and gave themſelves over without making any reſiſtance); as alſo their dying thus like ſheep, infected by mutual viſitation: for if men forbore to viſit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of ſuch as ſhould take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themſelves, and principally the honeſteſt men: for out of ſhame they would not ſpare themſelves, but went in unto their friends, eſpecially

after

after it was come to that paſs, that even their domeſtics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatneſs of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But thoſe that were recovered, had much compaſſion both on them that died, and on them that lay ſick, as having both known the miſery themſelves, and now no more ſubject to the like danger; for this diſeaſe never took a man the ſecond time ſo as to be mortal. And theſe men were both by others counted happy; and they alſo themſelves, through exceſs of preſent joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other ſickneſs hereafter. Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the country people and of their ſubſtance into the city, oppreſſed both them, and much more the people themſelves that ſo came in: for, having no houſes, but dwelling at that time of the year in ſtifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the ſtreets, and men half dead about every conduit through deſire of water. The temples alſo where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppreſſed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careleſs, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly uſed touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things neceſſary, after ſo many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral pile,

pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and, having caſt thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiouſneſs, which alſo in other kinds was uſed in the city began at firſt from this diſeaſe. For that which a man before would diſſemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuouſneſs, he durſt now do freely, ſeeing before his eyes ſuch quick revolution, of the rich dying and men worth nothing inheriting their eſtates; inſomuch as they juſtified a ſpeedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleaſure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, becauſe they thought it uncertain whether they ſhould die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleaſure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, becauſe they concluded it was alike to worſhip or not worſhip, from ſeeing that alike they all periſhed: nor the latter, becauſe no man expected that his life would laſt till he received puniſhment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads ſome far greater judgment decreed againſt them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy ſome little part of their lives.

THE

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

UNHAPPY man! by nature made to ſway,
And yet is every creature's prey,
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
Flattering ourſelves with mighty words;
Of all things we the monarchs are,
And ſo we rule, and ſo we domineer;
All creatures elſe about us ſtand
Like ſome prætorian band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe;
Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thouſand diſeaſes ſent by fate
(Unhappy ſervants!) on us wait;
A thouſand treacheries within
Are laid, weak life to win;
Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
Some formal ſieges make,
And with ſure ſlowneſs do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence ſtorm the town,
And throw all in a moment down:
Some one peculiar fort aſſail,
Some by general attempts prevail.

Small

Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And ſmall is the aſſiſtance they can give:
How can the fading offspring of the field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy,
What firm and laſting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live doth every winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourſelves the fatal ſeed
Of change, and of decreaſe in every part,
Head, belly, ſtomach, and root of life, the heart;
Not only have our autumn, when we muſt
Of our own nature turn to duſt,
When leaves and fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempeſts too,
Which do at once what they would ſlowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of ſtuff
Mouldering and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and deſtructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from ſea, from air,
We like the Roman empire ſhall decay,
And our own force would melt away
By the inteſtine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæſars and the Pompeys which within we bear:

Yet

Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothiſh and the barbarous rage
Of plague or peſtilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts aſſwage;
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the ſouthern ſands,
The unfrequented coaſts, and parched lands,
Whither the ſun too kind a heat doth ſend,
(The ſun, which the worſt neighbour is, and the beſt friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the heavens ſcatter'd here
Cruel infectious heats into the air:
Now all the ſtores of poiſon ſent,
Threatening at once a general doom,
Laviſh'd out all their hate, and meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the world for many years to come.
Hold, heavens! hold; why ſhould your ſacred fire,
Which doth to all things life inſpire,
By whoſe kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original ſeed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening feed;

Why

Why ſhould you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why ſhould it now deſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe Africk deſarts ſtraight were double deſarts grown,
The ravenous beaſts were left alone,
The ravenous beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themſelves have done.
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues preſently forſake
The wilderneſs which they themſelves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and freſh forage find?
The loaded wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan.
On Egypt next it ſeiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the ſouth did look,
And wonder'd thence ſhould come th' unhappy ſtroke,
From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very lands from whence ſhe has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another Angel's hand, a ſecond Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the ſacred land
Its angry forces did command;
But God did place an angel there
Its violence to withſtand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all devour;
Though that by ſeas might think itſelf ſecure.
Nor ſtaid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and ſtopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the ſhore divide,
But paſs'd the waters, and did all poſſeſs,
And quickly all was wilderneſs.
Thence it did Perſia over-run,
And all that ſacrifice unto the ſun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with ſecret coals they melt;
The Perſians call'd their ſun in vain,
Their God increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their God no more,
But curſe the beams they worſhiped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruin of the eaſt,
She took her wings, and down to Athens paſt;
Juſt Plague! which doſt no parties take,
But Greece as well as Perſia ſack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other ſlay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away,

Thither

Thither it came, and did deſtroy the town,
Whilſt all its ſhips and ſoldiers looked on;
And now the Aſian plague did more
Than all the Aſian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army ſate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for Fate,
They ſaw the city open lay,
An eaſy and a bootleſs prey;
They ſaw the rampires empty ſtand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now,
The plague had finiſh'd what they came to do;
They might now unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itſelf to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudeſt work of nature and of art:
Learning and ſtrength did thee compoſe,
As ſoul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t' invade;
Thoſe mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
Do only ſerve to make a fatter feaſt for death.
Death in the moſt frequented places lives;
Moſt tribute from the crowd receives;

And though it bears a ſcythe, and ſeems to own
A ruſtic life alone,
It loves no wilderneſs,
No ſcatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult, and the town.
What ſtrange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that reſiſt it doth increaſe!
When other conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a ſlower war,
Nay ſometimes for themſelves may fear
And muſt proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This ſtronger ſtill, and more ſucceſsful grows,
Down ſooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppoſe.

VIII.

The tyrant firſt the haven did ſubdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themſelves by wooden walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them th' infection gave,
Leſt they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou haſt undone
The honour thou before hadſt won;
Not all thy merchandize,
Thy wealth, thy treaſuries,
Which from all coaſts thy fleet ſupplies,
Can to atone this crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerned ſpeed;

In

In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theſeus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When firſt in walls he did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did thy citizens reduce,
Houſes and government, and laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy people ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome field or hill,
Though ſavage and undiſciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be ſubdued,
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying men's confuſed voice.
From heaven in haſte ſhe came, to ſee
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the caſtle pinnacles ſhe ſat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very deity.
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and deſtruction wait;
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
But though a goddeſs now did pray,
The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.

She brought her olive and her ſhield,
Neither of theſe, alas! aſſiſtance yield.
She lookt upon Meduſa's face,
Was angry that ſhe was
Herſelf of an immortal race,
Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not ſtrike her as well as others dead:
She ſat and wept a while, and then away ſhe fled.

X.

Now Death began her ſword to whet,
Not all the Cyclops ſweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.
No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage
And hop'd the air would it aſſwage,
Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it ſhould relieve;
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poiſon grow:
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now ſerv'd to fire each part;
What ſhould refreſh, increas'd the ſmart:
And now their very breath,
The chiefeſt ſign of life, was turn'd the cauſe of death.

XI.

Upon the head firſt the diſeaſe,
As a bold conqueror, doth ſeize,
Begins with man's metropolis,

Secur'd

Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue.
Blood ſtarted through each eye;
The redneſs of that ſky
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when ſome innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Doſt take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breaſt,
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſs'd.
Such noiſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the ſtomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's ſide,
The very meat new poiſons to the plague ſupply'd.
Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what uſurping flame,
What unknown furnace, ſhould
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its ſpirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.

The tainted blood its courſe began
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was nature's nobleſt art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was moſt deſtructful now,
And nature ſpeedier did undo,
For that the ſooner did impart
The poiſon and the ſmart,
Th' infectious blood to every diſtant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at laſt its ſhare,
And all the ſubtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monſters bear.
Here ſeven days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And oftner kill'd becauſe it death ſo long delay'd.
But if through ſtrength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and heaven do him controul,
And if he cannot have the ſoul,
Himſelf out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour loſe,
But takes away with him part of the houſe:
So here the vanquiſh'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, ſome part, ſome limb.
Some loſt the uſe of hands and eyes,
Some arms, ſome legs, ſome thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;

Thoſe

Thoſe various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous ſhapes were fled;
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
Had loſt its mighty treaſury;
They paſt the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever leſſer maladies men had,
They all gave place and vaniſhed;
Thoſe petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror ſhrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palſies, ſtone,
Gout, colic, and conſumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men ſaw themſelves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worſe and ſooner die.

XV.

Phyſicians now could nought prevail,
They the firſt ſpoils to the proud victor fall.
Nor would the plague their knowledge truſt,
But fear'd their ſkill, and therefore ſlew them firſt:
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
Firſt make the chiefeſt men to feel the ſtroke,
The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads, leſt they

Should

Should ſooneſt diſobey,
Should firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Phyſic itſelf was a diſeaſe,
Phyſic the fatal tortures did encreaſe,
Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
And Æſculapius to the ſick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of ſerpent, brought new poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that, ſo ſoon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some caſt into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,
But ſtraight the more were ſcorch'd, the more did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking ſank:
That urn which now to quench their thirſt they uſe,
Shortly their aſhes ſhall incloſe:
Others into the cryſtal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghaſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs forſook.
Some ſnatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup.

They

They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning ſtore.
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden ſeeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moiſtures it provoke,
Did rage, did ſwell, did ſmoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and ſtraight to aſhes broke.

XVII.

So ſtrong the heat, ſo ſtrong the torments were,
They like ſome mighty burden bear
The lighteſt covering of air.
All ſexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which nature laid,
The laws of modeſty which nature made;
The virgins bluſh not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undreſs'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the diſeaſe did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedneſs once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before,
No ſleep, no peace, no reſt,
Their wandering and affrighted minds poſſeſs'd;
Upon their ſouls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unuſual ſhapes and images,
Dark pictures and reſemblances

Of

Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their diſtemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not ſleep, but waking now was ſiſter unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their fleſh away.
In vain ſhe call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vulturs afar off did ſee the feaſt,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taſte,
They rally'd up their troops in haſte;
Along came mighty droves,
Forſook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his neſt;
They come, but all their carcaſes abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if ſome bolder fowls the fleſh aſſay,
They were deſtroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming gueſt,
Repents its being a domeſtic beaſt,
Did to the woods and mountains haſte:
The very owls at Athens are
But ſeldom ſeen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to ſtay.

XIX.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcaſes,
The ſtreets, the market-place poſſeſs,
Threatening to raiſe a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother and her child,
The infant ſuck'd as yet and ſmil'd,
But ſtraight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children laſt,
Here parting lovers laſt embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here priſoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poiſon'd by the ſcent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themſelves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's laſt cries,
Parteth his grief for him and dies,
Lives not enough to cloſe his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his ſon heir with an infectious breath;

In

In the ſame hour the ſon doth take
His father's will and his own make.
The ſervant need not here be ſlain,
To ſerve his maſter in the other world again;
They languiſhing together lie,
Their ſouls away together fly;
The huſband gaſpeth, and his wife lies by,
It muſt be her turn next to die:
The huſband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They muſt without their privilege together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The ſiſters ſcarce ſtood ſtill themſelves to breathe:
The ſiſters now quite wearied
In cutting ſingle thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One ſtroke did give whole houſes dooms:
Now dy'd the frofty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if aſham'd of that,
A conqueſt ſo degenerate,
Cut off the young and luſty too;
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys, they had in ſtore:

But

But Fate, ere they had finiſh'd their account, them flew.
The wretched uſurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treaſures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ſhips return with ſpice and gold;
He ſaw 't, and turn'd aſide his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidſt his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and aſſemblies ceaſe; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No courſe of juſtice did appear,
No noiſe of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The ſenate caſt away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more reſiſtleſs ſway,
Whilſt that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and leſſer officers devour,
No magiſtrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did ſhew:
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legiſlators ſit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harſher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading-place they leave,
About the ſtreets they run and rave;

The

The madneſs which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the ſtate,
Now his ſucceſſors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up ſtarts the ſoldier from his bed,
He, though death's ſervant, is not freed.
Death him caſhier'd, 'cauſe now his help ſhe did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
He ſnatch'd his ſword now ruſted o'er,
Dreadful and ſparkling now no more,
And thus in open ſtreets did roar;
How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
That now thyſelf thou ſhould'ſt revenge on me?
Have I ſo many lives on thee beſtow'd?
Have I the earth ſo often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, ſo many ſlain?
And muſt I now thy prey remain?
Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
Meet in the field ſome gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Perſian troops again:
No, they 're a baſe and a degenerate train;
They by our women may be ſlain.
Give me, great heavens, ſome manful foes,
Let me my death amidſt ſome valiant Grecians chooſe,
Let me ſurvive to dye at Syracuſe,
Where my dear country ſhall her glory loſe.
For you, great Gods! into my mind infuſe,

What

What miſeries, what doom,
Muſt on my Athens ſhortly come!
My thoughts inſpir'd preſage,
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I dye upon that glorious ſtage:
Oh! that! but then he graſp'd his ſword, and death concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy ſword, O Fate!
Leſt thou repent when 'tis too late.
Leſt, by thy making now ſo great a waſte,
By ſpending all mankind upon one feaſt,
Thou ſtarve thyſelf at laſt:
What men wilt thou reſerve in ſtore,
Whom in the time to come thou may'ſt devour,
When thou ſhalt have deſtroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy ſtomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou muſt kill,
And if thy jaws are craving ſtill,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coaſts,
The northern wilderneſs and eternal froſts!
Againſt thoſe barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are ſtrangers yet;
Where thou may'ſt kill, and yet the loſs will not be great.
There rage, there ſpread, and there infect the air,
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worſt againſt thoſe ſavage nations dare,
Thoſe whom mankind can ſpare,
Thoſe whom mankind itſelf doth fear;

Amidſt that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'ſt walk unſeen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the fartheſt ſeas, and nature's ends,
Where never ſummer's ſun its beams extends,
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing ſweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at ſuch a doom,
They 'll bleſs thy peſtilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They 'll thank the very flames with which they do conſume.

XXV.

Then, if that banquet will not thee ſuffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'ſt tyrannize;
Search every foreſt, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Thoſe wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the reſt of men ſecure,
And that the reſt of men will thank thee for.
Let all thoſe human beaſts be ſlain,
Till ſcarce their memory remain;
Thyſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill.
Meaſure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean ſhores about,
Only paſs by and ſpare the Britiſh iſle.

Go

Go on, and (what Columbus once ſhall do
When days and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt thoſe lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beſide:
There thou may'ſt ſteal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of thoſe that by thy wounds ſhall die;
No Greek ſhall know thy cruelty
And tell it to poſterity.
Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty lands,
Deſtroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's ſword prevent,
Go make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies ſhall appear,
Their ſin may be the leſs,
They may find all a wilderneſs,
And without blood the gold and ſilver there poſſeſs.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou ſhould'ſt full employment want,
(We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ranſack Lycurgus' ſtreets throughout,
They 've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth ſeize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appeaſe.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than thoſe of Love:
Let Delos, which at firſt did give the Sun,
See unknown flames in her begun,

Now let her wiſh ſhe might unconſtant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'ſt in field, or camp, or ſhop:
Make havock there without controul
Of every ignorant and common ſoul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conqueſts ſtop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there eſcape,
Upon Minerva's ſelf commit no rape;
Touch not the ſacred throng,
And let Apollo's prieſts be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and ſtrong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilſt I
Strive to keep off the miſery,
The learned too, as faſt as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All Nature's ſtores againſt this plague ſupply;
And though beſides they ſhunn'd it every where,
They ſearch'd it in their books, and fain would meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
And chiefly thoſe that were made famous by their crimes,

To

To find if men were puniſh'd ſo before;
But found not the diſeaſe nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now ſurpriz'd,
And all her forces ſeiz'd,
Before ſhe was how to reſiſt adviſ'd.
So when the elephants did firſt affright
The Romans with unuſual ſight,
They many battles loſe,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they underſtood ſuch dreadful troops t' oppoſe.

XXVIII.

Now every different ſect agrees
Againſt their common adverſary, the diſeaſe,
And all their little wranglings ceaſe;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts ſwerve,
No more their ſilence they obſerve,
Out of their ſchools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now deſir'd their metempſychoſis;
Not only to diſpute, but wiſh
That they might turn to beaſts, or fowls, or fiſh.
If the Platonicks had been here,
They would have curs'd their maſter's year,
When all things ſhall be as they were,
When they again the ſame diſeaſe ſhall bear:
All the philoſophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite ſhall do,
Themſelves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoicks felt the deadly ſtroke,
At firſt aſſault their courage was not broke,
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in ſtore they had,
They bid their hearts ſtand out,
Bid them be calm and ſtout,
But all the ſtrength of precept will not do 't.
They can't the ſtorms of paſſion now aſſwage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
The Gods gave no releaſe unto their pain,
The Gods to fear ev'n for themſelves began.
For now the ſick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They ſacrific'd, and died there,
A ſacrifice not ſeen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
Of lambs or bulls, ſhould now
Loaded with prieſts ſee its own altars too!

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'er-power.
The noble and the common duſt
Into each other's graves are thruſt.
No place is ſacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to conſume;

Their

Their aſhes no diſtinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghoſts of thoſe great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long ſince baniſhed,
Now o'er the city hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite diſmay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the bleſſed ſeats they went,
And now did thank their baniſhment,
By which they were to die, in foreign countries ſent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worſt of all,
Hell forth its magazines of luſt did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of ſouls were thither ſent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, ſuch wickedneſs,
Such irreligion did increaſe,
That the few good which did ſurvive
Were angry with the plague for ſuffering them to live:
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though ſure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air ſure to be puniſhed.

Some nor the ſhrines nor temples ſpar'd,
Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd,
Though ſuch example of their power appear'd.
Virtue was now eſteem'd an empty name,
And Honeſty the fooliſh voice of fame;
For, having paſt thoſe torturing flames before,
They thought the puniſhment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worſe torments had in ſtore;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

Upon the Poems of the Engliſh Ovid, Anacreon, Pindar, and Virgil, ABRAHAM COWLEY, in Imitation of his own Pindaric Odes.

I.

LET all this meaner rout of books ſtand by
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
And be hung up within this ſacred room:
Let no prophane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwiſh'd liberty again,
But let his holy relick be laid here,
With the ſame religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from heaven leapt;
Juſt ſuch another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to thoſe that on it look.

But

But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth ſtand
Will never any of its own ſort ſee,
But muſt ſtill live without ſuch company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever ſhall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breaſt,
And taught thy hand t' indite
(For God 's a poet too,
He doth create, and ſo do you?)
Or elſe at leaſt
What angel ſat upon thy pen when thou didſt write?
There he ſat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel
And ſpins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better ſphere,
Gives us more raviſhing muſic made for men to hear.
Thy hand too, like the ſun which angels move,
Has the ſame influence from above,
Produces gold and ſilver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the ſun, 't has no degenerate race,
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing ſo baſe.

III.

III.

What holy veſtal hearth,
What immortal breath,
Did give ſo pure poetic flame its birth?
Juſt ſuch a fire as thine,
Of ſuch an unmix'd glorious ſhine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no leſs than heaven came.
Along he brought the ſparkling coal,
From ſome cœleſtial chimney ſtole;
Quickly the plunder'd ſtars he left,
And as he haſten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands ſtill ſhone,
And ſeem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry 's compounded of the ſame,
Such a bright immortal flame;
Juſt ſo temper'd is thy rage,
Thy fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'ſt ſeem to us
A true Prometheus,
But that thou didſt not ſteal the leaſt ſpark of thy fire.

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's verſe,
Which he did to the liſtening fiſh rehearſe;
Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
They firſt curſt nature that ſhe made them mute.
So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
Strive to turn his ſlaves,

Lay

Lay down their boiſterous noiſe,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the Syrens lend their ear,
And from his ſweeter tunes ſome treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud,
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the ſkies, to take
Such heavenly muſic up, and carry 't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the ſame majeſtic ſweetneſs flow.
Yet his verſe only carried him o'er the ſeas;
But there 's a very ſea of wit in theſe,
As ſalt and boundleſs as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's ſong,
Which brought the wondering ſtones along;
The wondering ſtones ſkipt from their mother earth,
And left their father cold as his firſt birth;
They roſe, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
So were his words, ſo plac'd his ſounds,
Which forc'd the marbles riſe from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them ſhine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine.
Th' amazed poet ſaw the building riſe,
And knew not how to truſt his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he ſees.
He ſaw the ſtreets appear,
Streets, that muſt needs be harmonions there:

He

He ſaw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
The glorious temple ſhew its head,
He ſaw the infant city ripe,
And all like the creation by a word was bred.
So great a verſe is thine, which though it will not raiſe
Marble monuments to thy praiſe;
Yet 'tis no matter, cities they muſt fall,
And houſes, by the greateſt glutton Time be eaten all:
But thy verſe builds a fame for thee,
Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
Which ſword and thunder doth defy,
As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the Engliſh tongue doth owe,
That it need not ſeek
For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek;
To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
In their own Latium, their head:
To thee, that our enlarged ſpeech can ſhew,
Far more than the three weſtern daughters born
Out of the aſhes of the Roman urn:
Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit
The adulterate ſeed of ſeveral tongues with it;
More than the ſmooth Italian, though nature gave
That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
And that ſhe might the better fit it to 't,
Made the very land a foot.
More than the Spaniſh, though that in one maſs
The Mooriſh, Jewiſh, Gothiſh treaſures has,

And

And juſt as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
Moſt quarters of the earth together throng.
More than the courtly French, though that doth pace,
And not trot o'er the tongue its race:
That has not any thing, ſo elaborate wit;
Though it by its ſliding ſeems to have more oil in it.
Thy ſoul hath gone through all the Muſes' track;
Where never poets feet were ſeen before,
Hath paſs'd thoſe ſands where others left their wrecks,
And ſail'd an ocean through, which ſome thought had no ſhore.
Thy ſpirit has diſcover'd all poetry;
Thou found'ſt no tropics in the poets ſky.
More than the ſun can do, haſt brought a ſacred flower
To Mount Parnaſſus; and haſt open'd to our hand
Apollo's holy land,
Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie,
Thou haſt ſail'd the Muſes' globes,
Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndiſh did, to rob.
Thou haſt brought home the treaſure too,
Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due:
Thou haſt ſearch'd through every creek,
From the Eaſt-Indies of the poets' world, the Greek,
To the America of wit,
Which was laſt known, and has moſt gold in it.
That mother-tongue which we do ſpeak,
This world thy greater ſpirit has run through,
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A world as round and large as th' other is,

And

And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets till now deſerv'd excuſe, not praiſe,
Till now the Muſes liv'd in taverns, and the bays
That they were truly trees did ſhew,
Becauſe by ſucking liquor they did only grow.
Verſes were counted fiction, and a lye
The very nature of good poetry.
He was a poet that could ſpeak leaſt truth:
Sober and grave men ſcorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greateſt fame.
Poets had nought elſe of Apollo, but his youth:
Few ever ſpake in rhyme, but that their feet
The trencher of ſome liberal man might meet.
Or elſe they did ſome rotten miſtreſs paint,
Call her their goddeſs, or their ſaint.
Though contrary in this they to their maſter run,
For the great god of wit, the ſun,
When he doth ſhew his miſtreſs, the white moon,
He makes her ſpots, as well as beauty, to be ſhewn.
Till now the ſiſters were too old, and therefore grew
Extremely fabulous too:
Till you, Sir, came, they were deſpis'd;
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get;
And though they had a font ſo long, yet never were baptis'd.

VIII.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
By bringing in more ſtore of it:
Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
Reign, without diſſembling too.
You've ſhewn a poet muſt not needs be bad;
That one may be Apollo's prieſt,
And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad;
Till now, wit was a curſe (as to Lot's wife
'Twas to be turn'd to ſalt)
Becauſe it made men lead a life,
Which was nought elſe but one continual fault.
You firſt the Muſes to the Chriſtians brought,
And you then firſt the holy language taught:
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the firſt bird of paradiſe with feet.

IX.

Your Miſcellanies do appear
Juſt ſuch another glorious indigeſted heap
As the firſt maſs was, where
All heavens and ſtars incloſed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great cenſor them beſtow'd,
According to their ranks, in ſeveral tribes abroad;
Whilſt yet ſun and moon
Were in perpetual conjunction:
Whilſt all the ſtars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.

Whilſt

Whilſt yet none of the lamps of heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light.
So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chemiſtry may ſeparate, but not refine:
So mixt, ſo pure, ſo united does it ſhine,
A chain of ſand, of which each link is all divine.

X.

Thy Miſtreſs ſhews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muſe do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such ſongs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtſhip to ſome ſiſter-mind above
(For angels need not ſcorn ſuch ſoft deſires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the ſame fires).
So when they clothe themſelves in fleſh,
And their light in ſome human ſhapes do dreſs
(For which they fetch'd ſtuff from the neighbouring air):
So when they ſtoop, to like ſome mortal fair,
Such words, ſuch odes as thine they uſe,
With ſuch ſoft ſtrains, love into her heart infuſe.
Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity ſhall be;
Which ſhall remain unſpotted there,
Only to ſhew what once they were:
Thy Cupid's ſhafts all golden are;
Thy Venus has the ſalt, but not the froth o' th' ſea.

XI.

Thy high Pindarics ſoar
So high, where never any wing till now could get;

And

And yet thy wit
Doth ſeem ſo great, as thoſe that do fly lower.
Thou ſtand'ſt on Pindar's back;
And therefore thou a higher flight doſt take:
Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
Thou haſt brought him from the duſt,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it juſt
To be led by thee to the Engliſh ſhore;
An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
Nor ſcarce ſo much, when he did ſave his houſe before,
When his word did aſſuage
A warlike army's violent rage:
Thou haſt given to his name,
Than that great conqueror ſav'd him from, a brighter flame.
He only left ſome walls where Pindar's name might ſtay,
Which with time and age decay:
But thou haſt made him once again to live;
Thou didſt to him new life and breathing give.
And as in the laſt reſurrection,
Thou haſt made him riſe more glorious, and put on
More majeſty; a greater ſoul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could ſhew.

XII.

Thy David too---
But hold thy headlong pace, my Muſe;
None but the prieſt himſelf doth uſe
Into the holieſt place to go.

Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to ſweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And juſt now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchleſs pattern nurſt:
Therefore it is not fit
That it ſhould dare to ſpeak ſo much at firſt.
No more, no more for ſhame.
Let not thy verſe be, as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy father's name.
He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praiſe you,
Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

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